"THE BODYGUARD"
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Kasdan

SCREEN IS BLACK

In the darkness we hear dripping water, the echoing approach (X)
of two sets of footsteps. There is the sound of a sudden, (X)
quick scuffle, a heavy fall of bodies. (X)

THREE BOOMING GUNSHOTS. Two from one gun, one from another. So fast and close, they're barely distinguishable. The sound of the SHOTS ECHOES against concrete walls and dies away. Silence.

SLOW, SLOW, FADE IN:

1 INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE (NEW YORK) - NIGHT 1 (X

FRANK FARMER'S FACE -

mid to late 30s, peers intently over a smoking gun. He is The Bodyguard.

ANGLE - HIT MAN

dead on his feet, leans against a car. A gun drops heavily from his hand. His life ebbs as he slides slowly down the car door to his knees then falls forward, face down on the cement floor.

A SLOW PULL BACK reveals that FRANK is lying on top of KLINGMAN. Protectively pressed body to body on the filthy cement floor of the garage. Klingman, a handsome, 50-year-old arbitrageur, gasps in barely controlled fear as his Armani suit soaks up a black pool of oil. There is no movement.

The two men are lying near the right front fender of a black limousine. Blood spreads from the body of the hit man, a few yards away.Klingman starts to raise himself up but Farmer (X)
keeps him pressed to the floor, still alert for any further (X)
threat. (X)

MAIN TITLES BEGIN.

A beat, and VOICES are heard O.S. Farmer wheels, snubnosed .357 aimed at them.

FRANK
Freeze!

ANGLE - DOORWAY TO GARAGE

A uniformed chauffeur freezes in his tracks. Farmer lowers his weapon and speaks.

FRANK
(calm, but an order)
Call 911.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 1

CAMERA HAS CRANED UP TO a high, almost frozen wide shot of the scene. It tracks away into darkness. (X) (X)

2 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 2 (X

Passing traffic reveals the storefront of a TV showroom. Inside, behind the reflections of the city lights, all the TV sets are showing the same picture, the glittering image of a woman singing. (We will recognize the woman as Rachel Marron.) We cut tighter and tighter on the image until it is almost broken up into its scanning lines. Through the city noise comes the sound of her song "I have nothing". (X) (X) (X) (X) (X) (X) (X)

2A INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - DESK TOP- NIGHT 2A (X

A battered old desk. Scattered across the top -- a pile of blank white paper, a jar of glue, a stack of magazines, a pair of scissors, a TV remote control, softly in the background, a TV is playing the same image we saw in the store window, the same song. (X) (X) (X)

Hands appear. Male hands. They open a drawer and remove a pair of translucent rubber gloves. Carefully they put the gloves on. The SNAPPING of the rubber is the only sound.

The hands pick a magazine off the stack: Screen Stars. They put the magazine down and pick up the scissors. A headline on the cover reads: "RACHEL MARRON'S GREATEST TRIUMPH!" The scissors start to cut. Meticulously they excise the name "RACHEL MARRON" from the page. With the care of a surgeon.

3 EXT. HOLLYWOOD PREMIERE - NIGHT 3

A tumultuous crash of screaming, pushing bodies. Arms stretch out, cameras flash, sunguns flare, microphones are thrust forward. A deafening cacophony of "Rachel! Rachel! Rachel! Over here! Over here! This way, Rachel! Rachel! Rachel!" We cannot see the object of this frenzy. We catch a brief glimpse of an attractive, well-dressed young woman (NICKI), exiting with other celebrities, as she is pushed and casually jostled aside by the mass of surging fans and media. Her face is calm and impassive as she watches from the sidelines.

4 OMITTED 4

5 INT. KLINGMAN'S OFFICE DEN - NIGHT 5

In a paneled room tastefully hung with a few choice paintings that reflect Klingman's success as an arbitrageur, he pours two snifters of brandy as he speaks with Farmer.

KLINGMAN
Your hands ever shake, Frank?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 5

FRANK
Sometimes. It's just adrenaline.

KLINGMAN
... How did you know?

FRANK
I saw him washing the car.

KLINGMAN
I saw him.

FRANK
They don't wash cars on the parking levels.

He hands a glass of brandy to Frank, who looks at it.

KLINGMAN
You know, I'd like you to stay on.

He passes a small sealed envelope to Frank.

FRANK
I'm not good in permanent positions, my feet go to sleep.

The two men smile at each other. They raise their glasses in a joint salutation -- Klingman drinks. Frank doesn't.

6 INT. DARKENED ROOM - DESK TOP - NIGHT 6

The rubber-gloved hands are glueing the word "TIME" onto a message that is taking the classic form of a ransom note. Each word has been cut from a different page and is in a different type-face. The note is being assembled with such care that is has an unusually neat appearance and is quite easy to read. It reads:

MARRON BITCH -- YOU HAVE EVERYTHING
I HAVE NOTHING. THE TIME TO DIE IS ...

7 EXT. CHARITY CONCERT - EVENING 7

A blur of hands and faces. Excited fans. Pieces of paper, autograph books, notes are thrust forward INTO the CAMERA. Again, a mass chanting "Rachel! Rachel! Rachel! Hands of Rachel's entourage accept some of the proffered items.

In CLOSEUP, we see Rachel's hands signing "Best wishes, Rachel Marron" on an out-stretched open palm. In the midst of the (X)
urgent forest of hands and paper, a be-ribboned black doll is (X)
thrust forward, bearing the legend "RACHEL, WE LOVE YOU."

8 EXT. FRANK FARMER'S HOUSE - EVENING 8

SLAM of a CAR DOOR. Frank gets out of a cab with two suitcases. His house is a modest stucco affair on a small lot. He goes up the walk and puts down his suitcases. He looks at rampant foliage and overgrown grass. Supermarket circulars cover his doorstep. He picks up a few and fishes a (X)
bunch of keys from his pocket. A curious neighbor peers from (X)
behind a net curtain. As the door opens, we are aware of a (X)
further pile of mail inside. Frank's feet push the letters (X)
aside and go inside. The door shuts. (X)

9 OMITTED 9

10 INT. FARMER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 10

Farmer has carefully set a place for himself at the table in a breakfast nook. A bottle of red wine is open with a glass beside it.

At the stove he stirs and flavors a Boeuf Bourgignon and reads a Time magazine. He adds a splash of wine. He lifts the pot from the stove and tries a piece of meat.

At the table, he looks at the place setting and absently eats another piece of meat. Finally he sets the pot on the plate and eats from it directly while glancing through the magazine.

11 INT. DRESSING ROOM - CLOSEUP - CORNER OF DRESSING TABLE 11

Lots of people are schmoozing in the dressing room. There's a loud buzz of excited chatter. Hands are stacking flowers, good luck messages, cards and cables by the mirror. Through the blur and bustle, we glimpse the doll with its embroidered ribbon message "RACHEL, WE LOVE YOU."

Hands casually move it to one side, among the flowers resting on the small portable TV set. On the screen is an image of Rachel making an entrance onto a stage, acknowledging (X)
applause, bowing. (X)

The doll EXPLODES, SHATTERING the TV, the MIRROR and the LIGHT BULBS. The SCREEN GOES BLACK, amid SHOUTS, SCREAMS and CONFUSION.

TITLES END.

12 EXT. FRANK FARMER'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY 12

Frank lounges in his shorts under the single tree, sunglasses on, a glass of iced tea by his side. Strains of "DON'T WALK AWAY RENEE" come from a beat-up transistor RADIO.

An old-fashioned lawn sprinkler lazily waves water back and forth over the freshly cut grass. Throwing knives lay scattered nearby. A wooden post is sticking out of the ground in front of the fence at the back of the yard.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 12

BILL DEVANEY, fiftyish, a distinguished-looking black gentleman, stands nearby trying to engage Frank in a conversation that up to this point hasn't been going well. He's Rachel's personal manager.

DEVANEY
So, you won't protect Rachel Marron just because she's in show business?

FRANK
I don't do celebrities.

DEVANEY
But the biggest money's in show business. (X) (X)

Frank says nothing. His eyes are closed behind the sunglasses. Devaney picks up one of the throwing knives. He holds it carefully by the blade and throws it. It misses the post by three feet and clatters against the fence.

Frank opens his eyes, sees what's going on and closes his eyes again.

DEVANEY
(picking up another knife)
Do you really do these things?

FRANK
Isn't she the one who collects dolls?

This is enough to distract Devaney from his knife-throwing.

DEVANEY
(exasperated)
Farmer, Rachel Marron is one of the most famous people in America. She's won every music award invented. She's got the number one song in the country right now and she'll probably be nominated for an Oscar in her very first picture. And you want to know 'Isn't she the one...?' Christ, man, where've you been?

FRANK
You mean she doesn't collect dolls?

DEVANEY
(defeated)
Yes. She collects dolls. (X)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2) 12

FRANK
I thought I knew who she was.

Devaney tries to size up whether Frank is kidding him or not. Frank's face betrays nothing. Devaney gestures with a knife.

DEVANEY
You're probably deadly with these things, aren't you?

FRANK
Deadly.

DEVANEY
Show me.

Frank doesn't move.

DEVANEY
Why are you resisting this job? $2,000 bucks a week.
(no response)
$2,500.

FRANK
There are several good men available for that kind of money. Have you talked to Fitzgerald or Racine? Portman?

DEVANEY
Yeah. Portman was interested ...

He senses an opening and sits down beside Frank for what he takes to be the first serious talk.

DEVANEY
... but we're told you're the best.

FRANK
There's no such thing.

DEVANEY
Farmer, we're talking about a very frightened lady. With a seven-year old son. Believe me, I wouldn't be here if I didn't think this was for real. (X)
(long pause)
Farmer, she begged me to get you. (X)

Frank sits up finally and looks at Devaney a long time. He picks up five throwing knives and stands up.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (3) 12

FRANK
All right. I'll come and I'll look the situation over. If I take it, it's three thousand a week.

DEVANEY
(whistles)
Okay. You must be very deadly for three grand a week.

Frank is now about twenty feet from the wooden post. He throws one of the knives. It misses the post and clatters against the fence.

FRANK
Shit.

Devaney's face drops. Frank examines the next knife.

FRANK
(mumbling)
I know it's something like...

The second knife gets away from him at the top of his arc and disappears into some bushes about three feet from Devaney. Devaney stands up in a hurry and moves behind Frank.

FRANK
Sorry.

Frank raises his hand to throw again, then stops and motions Devaney off to the side.

FRANK
Better not stand right behind me.

Devaney smiles weakly. Frank lets the third knife go with one smooth motion.

The knife sinks an inch into the center of the post. THUMP.

Frank's hand arching again. Throwing the remaining knives.

Both knives stick in the post forming a straight vertical line with the first one.

13 EXT. MARRON ESTATE - WAVERLY LANE (BEL AIR) - DAY 13

Frank stops his nondescript Chevy across the quiet street from the closed, unmanned gate at the bottom of the Marron driveway.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

FRANK'S POV

as he looks over the gate, the wall, the heavy vegetation and the rising grounds beyond.

(NOTE: The use of the term FRANK'S POV, is not to be taken simply as a camera direction. Rather, it represents a recurring attempt to make the audience see in the special way Frank sees. Frank lives by constant vigilance, heightened awareness. It is his genius and his burden. The audience must be put in the position of looking, searching, scanning with him.)

He has a curious sense of being watched, a kind of prickling on the back of his neck. As he looks around, a black Toyota 4X4, parked some way down the road, drives rapidly off -- too fast to get a clear look. He watches it go.

Frank pulls up to the gate and gets out of his car. He grabs a bar of the gate and pulls. The whole gate rattles. Frank gets back in his car and pushes a button on the intercom box at the side of the gate. A MAN'S VOICE CRACKLES out of the BOX. Transmission is terrible

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Yes?

FRANK
Frank Farmer to see Miss Marron.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
What?

FRANK
Alexander Graham Bell to see Miss Marron! (X)

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
(obviously has not heard)
Have you got an appointment?

FRANK
The atomic number of zinc is 30.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
All right.

There is a LOUD BUZZING and the gate swings arthritically open.

14 EXT. MARRON ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - DAY 14

FRANK'S POV

as he moves up the winding drive through heavily landscaped grounds. Plenty of potential hiding places. The mansion is at the top of the hill. The grounds behind the mansion fall away.

15 EXT. MANSION - CIRCULAR DRIVE/ENTRANCE AREA - DAY 15

The mansion is huge. On and on it goes. Frank drives PAST the garage area where HENRY, the chauffeur, is polishing the (X)
mascot on the limousine. One of his arms is bandaged. Henry (X)
peers at Frank, puts down his cloth and walks toward the (X)
entrance where Frank is parking. Frank gets out, looks around. A painter's truck is parked nearby, two painters unloading equipment from it.

HENRY
Can I help you?

FRANK
Are you the man on the intercom?

HENRY
No. Can I help you?

FRANK
My name is Edison. I have an appointment with Miss Marron.

HENRY
Oh. And that was arranged by...?

FRANK
(impressed)
Mr. Devaney.

HENRY
Go right ahead, Mr. Edison.

FRANK
What happened to your arm?

HENRY
(looking at his arm) (X)
A doll.

He goes back to the limousine. (X)

Frank RINGS the DOORBELL, although the door is not shut. (X)
EMMA, a fiftyish housekeeper appears. A man in coveralls comes out past her, carrying a length of timber.

FRANK
Henry Ford, to see Mr. Devaney.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

EMMA
Come in, please.

16 INT. MARRON MANSION - DAY 16

Frank steps into the foyer with Emma. She is a warm, matronly woman who does a fine job running the house without standing on custom.

EMMA
I'll tell you quite honestly, Mr. Ford, I don't know where Mr. Devaney is. Did he say he'd be here?

FRANK
Yes.

EMMA
Then he probably is. Let me look.

She leads Frank into a large, unused formal parlor. There are dustsheets over the furniture and the walls are being repainted. On a number of TV screens scattered around, Rachel's latest video (the one we saw in the opening titles) is continuously playing. The sound of the song itself -- "I HAVE NOTHING" -- comes softly from concealed speakers.

EMMA
Please make yourself at home. Can I get you anything?

Frank demurs and Emma disappears back through the foyer. Frank watches her go, then moves off into the house in the opposite direction. It's obviously undergoing a major redecoration. Painters, decorators and designers come and go, oblivious to Frank's presence.

17 INT. MARRON MANSION - VARIOUS ROOMS - DAY 17

The deeper Frank walks into the house, the warmer and more lived-in rooms appear.

18 INT. MARRON MANSION - SUN ROOM - DAY 18

Frank steps into a tiled room that overlooks the pool area. One wall is all glass. On the opposite wall are shelves containing the trophies of Rachel Marron's career: A Tony award, three Grammy's, gold and platinum records, other statuettes and plaques. Among the framed photographs of Rachel accepting awards etc., is one of her and her small son, FLETCHER, dressed in a tuxedo. Both are goofing off for the camera with obvious affection. Frank looks down at the pool.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

FRANK'S POV

Dwarfed by the pool, the only person in sight is seven-year old Fletcher, the little boy from the photograph, dark-haired and fragile. He is crouched at the side of the pool with the remote control unit for a foot-long speedboat which is cutting (X) across the water. A nanny sits, some way off, embroidering. (X)

Frank's attention is distracted. A heavier BASS MUSICAL BEAT (X) comes from somewhere nearby in the house, another Rachel (X) Marron number, but this time up-tempo and bouncy. Frank (X) follows the sound. (X)

19 INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY 19

Frank walks into the rear of the room that the noise is coming (X) from. (X) (X)

It is large and comfortable with plenty of seating, a bar, a (X) wall of stereo gear and a projection booth. It is packed with (X) people, props and video equipment. There is lots of activity, (X) a general air of barely-organized chaos. MUSIC BLARES out. (X)

A group of six dancers, is rehearsing an energetic dance (X) number for a music video, directed by their choreographer RORY. Sunlight throws them in silhouette against the glass wall at the end of the room. A video cameraman circles them, taping the rehearsal, which appears on a large-screen TV behind them.

In one corner, a pretty black girl is being pinned into a proposed costume for the video. Several people are standing around, tending to the video and playback gear. All the chairs face the far end of the room and it isn't immediately apparent how many more people are hidden among the big cushions.

As Frank sits on the barstool at the back, a large swivel chair turns to reveal Devaney. He waves to Frank and makes his way over to him.

On the other side of the room, a brawny, heavyset man in his late thirties rises to look at Frank. He has a twenty inch neck. Devaney signals to him that everything is all right. The brawny man looks at Frank a moment more, then sits down.

Frank looks around the room. A shelf laden with vitamins. Guitars of various makes. A flute. A gold record being used as a coaster. People smoking and chatting through the rehearsal.

In one of the chairs, a pretty woman in her mid-thirties (NICKI, the woman we saw at the premiere) is knitting. She glances occasionally at the dancers.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

A man sits next to a phone busily discussing a contract with someone at the other end of the line.

The music climaxes and abruptly stops. The dancers hold their dramatic final poses for a second, then relax again. APPLAUSE. The CLAPPING from the front sofa is loudest.

Then LAUGHTER.

From elsewhere in the room comes the voice of the VIDEO DIRECTOR.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Playback, everybody!

Rachel's voice comes from the sofa.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Come here, Rory!

The choreographer skips to the sofa and disappears from sight. Sound of kissing, laughter.

The video rewinds on the big screen and the dancers gather round it expectantly.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Sugar, that's gonna be great. I love the ending...

Devaney moves to the front of the room. The PLAYBACK STARTS behind him. There are several overlapping conversations going on.

DEVANEY
Rachel...

RACHEL (O.S.)
Nicki, how'd you like the number? You like the end routine?

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Rachel. You wanna see it back from the beginning or just the ending...

NICKI, responds to Rachel's question.

NICKI
It was just great, Rory...

But Rachel is already replying to the video director.

RACHEL (O.S.)
I wanna see it all. Tony? I'll (X)
bet Tony loved it. (X)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2) 19

The brawny man, Tony, shrugs and stands to look at Frank as he (X) speaks.

TONY (X)
Ehh!

RACHEL (O.S.)
Don't worry, Rory. Tony doesn't (X)
appreciate great art.

The pinned-up girl has been brought forward for Rachel's approval, elbowing Devaney a little to one side.

DRESS DESIGNER
(showing the costume)
What do you think, Rachel?

DEVANEY
Rachel, Frank Farmer is...

RACHEL (O.S.)
Devaney, do you think this is me?

DEVANEY
(not looking)
It's terrific...

Devaney is now facing the unseen Rachel.

DEVANEY
Rachel, Frank Farmer is here.

Devaney nods in Frank's direction. Nicki looks at Frank.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Who's here?

DEVANEY
Frank Farmer.
(getting no response)
The bodyguard.

RACHEL (O.S.)
I think Rory should be my
bodyguard.
(to dress designer)
Let's see the back again...

DEVANEY
Rachel, raise your butt out of
there and meet this man.

RACHEL MARRON finally rises from the sofa. It's a bit of a shock to see that she is only about thirty years old. A young woman. Not beautiful, not ugly.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3) 19

Unique only in that she is immediately interesting. A Superstar.

RACHEL
Well, I'm up.

Rachel and Frank look across the room at each other. Frank comes forward.

DEVANEY
Frank Farmer, Rachel Marron.

Rachel offers her hand and they shake. Rachel looks him up and down.

RACHEL
You don't look like a bodyguard.

FRANK
What did you expect?

RACHEL
I don't know. Tough guy maybe.

FRANK
This is my disguise.

RACHEL
(smiling)
Well, his timing's good.

DEVANEY
This is Nicki, Rachel's sister and personal secretary.

NICKI
Nice to meet you, Mr. Farmer.

DEVANEY
(indicating)
... Tony Scibelli

Tony nods but makes no move to shake hands.

Rachel dismisses the Dress Designer.

RACHEL
(to designer)
The back's still not right...

SPECTOR, still on the phone, offers a perfunctory wave. (X)

DEVANEY
... Sy Spector, Rachel's publicist. (X)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (4) 19

RACHEL
Can we get you a drink?

FRANK
Orange juice.

RACHEL
Straight? Nicki.

Nicki goes to the bar. Rachel sits and motions for Frank to sit opposite her.

RACHEL
Rory, I'll be with you in a second.

Rory gets up, and goes over to his dancers at the big screen video.

RACHEL
Listen, this whole thing is Bill's idea... This sudden obsession with protecting me. Tony has always handled my security and we've done just fine.

SPECTOR (O.S.) (X)
(into the phone)
Yes, I'll hold but not long...

RORY (O.S.)
Rachel, you want to run through your steps before we go again...?

RACHEL
I'll be with you in a second. (X)

Nicki hands Frank his orange juice. She looks at Frank as she speaks.

NICKI
I think Bill's right, Rachel. It's time you took more precautions.

Spector enters the conversation. (X)

SPECTOR (X)
(one hand covers the phone)
Nicki, I'm sure Mr. Farmer would tell you the number of nuts writing fan letters jumps every time Rachel is on the cover of a magazine.

DEVANEY
Not like this.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (5) 19

An ASSISTANT hands Rachel a small sheaf of phone messages, some papers for signature and a pen. Rachel checks through them and signs as she talks.

RACHEL
Relax guys, I said I'd do it. You see what I'm dealing with here? I'm willing to go along, as long as we all understand each other. I'm not going to let this alter my life one little bit.
(to assistant)
Who was this?

ASSISTANT
(overlapping Devaney)
Oh. That was Clive's office. They called three times...

DEVANEY
Honey, that's not going to be a problem.
(to Frank)
Rachel runs a very informal household, we're all on a first name basis...

Stein has finished up on the phone and jumps in.

STEIN
...And I'm sure you'll blend in just fine. You can select whatever alarm systems you want for the house. Some kind of improved security for the gate. What else, Rachel?

Rachel stands and starts to wander over to Rory and the dancers.

Frank looks at Devaney. Devaney doesn't like the tone this is taking.

RACHEL
I think I'm safe when I'm here at the house so I guess the main thing will be when I go out. Tony will be able to fill you in on all that. You two will have to work something out. I don't want both of you falling all over me everywhere I go. The most important thing is this -- I will not allow Fletcher to be affected by this thing... (X) (X)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (6) 19

Rory puts his arm around her waist and stands behind her, starting to run through her steps with her in slow motion.

SPECTOR (X)
(punching phone)
I was just going to cover that. We'll have to tell the child you have some other function...

RACHEL
I don't want him to think he's in prison. So the house and grounds must not be altered in any way. He shouldn't even be aware that you're here. Is that clear?

Frank looks at her a long time, glancing up at Devaney once.

FRANK
Miss Marron...

RACHEL
Rachel.

FRANK
There's been a mistake. A misunderstanding. If you'll show me the quickest way out, we'll save each other a lot of trouble.

Frank's on his way. Someone brings a silver headpiece on a stand to Rachel. She ignores it, still looking at Frank.

TONY
You can go past the pool.

DEVANEY
Shut up, Tony.

FARMER
Nice meeting you. (X)

DEVANEY
Farmer, will you wait a minute? (X)

SPECTOR (X)
Bill, I don't think we should be begging this guy for his services.

DEVANEY
Sy, I'm handling this.

Rachel looks on cooly as Frank slides open the glass door.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (7) 19

DEVANEY
Farmer, will you wait a minute? (X)

20 EXT. MARRON GROUNDS - BACK LAWN - DAY 20

Frank is walking rapidly away from the window wall, down the slope. Devaney is scurrying to keep up.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 20

DEVANEY
Farmer, will you wait a minute? I should have told you more. I'm sorry but I was afraid she wouldn't go through with it. I thought I'd let the two of you work it out... come to an understanding.

FRANK
We did.

Frank starts to walk off. Devaney is grasping at straws.

DEVANEY
She's not a bad person, and whether she knows it or not, she needs you.
(a beat)
You've come this far... Would you just wait here for one minute. I want to show you something. Please, Farmer.

Devaney runs back to the house.

21 EXT. POOL AREA - DAY 21

Fletcher, happy to have someone to talk to, walks up to Frank with his remote-control speed boat. Frank would like to walk away, but Fletcher blocks his way. Frank looks at Fletcher's frail little, nut-brown figure. The watching nanny continues her embroidering, some way off.

FLETCHER
Hi!

FRANK
(continuing to walk)
Hi.

FLETCHER
How are you today?

FRANK
(wants to keep walking)
All right. How 'bout yourself?

FLETCHER
Oh, I'm fine. Do you like boats?

Frank gives up. He's not going to get out of here. He stops.

FRANK
No. I don't like boats.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 21

FLETCHER
You don't! Why not?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2) 21

FRANK
Oh, I don't know.

FLETCHER
Sure you do, but you don't want to tell me.

Frank considers him, then slips out of his sport coat. He crouches down so that he is eye-level with Fletcher.

FRANK
You're a smart kid.

Fletcher nods.

FRANK
I'll tell you. One time I was stuck on a boat with some people for four months.

FLETCHER
A lifeboat?

FRANK
Nope. A big white yacht. Do you know what a yacht is? (X) (X)

FLETCHER
(thinks about this)
Yeah. My mom rented this huge yacht once, and we took a trip. It was great. Everyone threw up except me. I love 'em. (X)

FRANK
(standing to leave)
Well, nobody's perfect.

Fletcher squints up at him, the sun in his eyes.

FLETCHER
You're the bodyguard, aren't you?

Frank is surprised.

FRANK
What do you know about it?

FLETCHER
I've got ears.

FRANK
I'll remember that. (X)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3) 21

Devaney trots into the pool area, out of breath. He is holding a bulging manila file. As he sees Fletcher, he holds the file casually at his side.

Frank sees Fletcher looking at the file.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2) 21

DEVANEY
How are you, Fletch?
(to Frank)
I'm glad you waited. Let's go over here.

FRANK
(to Fletcher)
Nice meeting you.

Fletcher looks after them silently.

22 EXT. PATIO - DAY 22

Devaney slides the file across the table at Frank, opening it. Inside are letters of every size and condition. Repeatedly throughout this scene Frank's gaze is drawn to Fletcher, who has started his boat again.

DEVANEY
This is just in the last six months.

FRANK
(looks at the pile)
Have you ever tried having these professionally assessed? (X)

Devaney shakes his head no.

Frank begins to look through the letters, flipping them by the corner of the page. From many different sources, some are scrawled, some typed, some assembled from cutouts. Many are soiled and torn, others immaculate. Occasionally, one will have a photo of Rachel with crude markings on it.

Stein enters sucking on a popsicle. He comes to stand over Frank's shoulder, peering nonchalantly at the piles of letters.

STEIN
Devaney says you were in the Secret Service.

Frank nods.

Frank goes through them quickly, with an expert eye. He sometimes pauses to read one more carefully. A few he removes from the stack and places in the center of the table.

STEIN
Ever guard the main man?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 22

FRANK
I was two years with Carter and four years with Reagan.

Frank sets another letter in the center pile. He stops, smiling at it.

FRANK
This is a little old lady in Akron. She's written to everybody I've ever worked for.

He continues to turn until something stops him. Several letters are paper-clipped together. They are the pasted-up type we saw being assembled on the desk top.

SPECTOR (X)
Reagan got shot.

His chatter is beginning to annoy Frank.

FRANK
Not on my shift.

Spector emits a gratuitous laugh, acknowledges the joke. (X)

SPECTOR (X)
That's good.

Frank goes back to his letters. He taps the stack in the center of the table.

FRANK
At first glance, these don't bother me. But keep them. You never know.

He separates one letter from the others.

FRANK
This could be something.

Devaney searches Frank's face.

DEVANEY
You think it could be the same guy? The one who rigged the doll?

FRANK
I don't know. Did you tell Miss (X)
Marron about it? Does she know (X)
about the doll? (X)

Devaney and Spector exchange looks. This is evidently a sore (X)
point between them.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2) 22

SPECTOR (X)
We said there'd been some electrical problem while she was on stage. Short circuit. Look, she doesn't need that kind of worry right now. It would upset her.

FRANK
What about the police?

SPECTOR (X)
There was no reason for the police. No one got hurt.

FRANK
What about the chauffeur?

SPECTOR (X)
It was nothing. It was just our people there.

Frank turns and watches Fletcher by the pool. Devaney's eyes are still on Frank's face.

DEVANEY
Sy, I think we should show him the room.

23 INT. ROOM - DAY 23

Frank follows Spector and Devaney into the room. He glances around, taking in the murals, the decor, the kitsch attempt at fornicatorial splendour right from the pages of a tabloid layout. (X)

FRANK
Is this her bedroom?

SPECTOR (X)
Yes

DEVANEY
No. She sleeps in a room next to Fletcher's down the hall. Sy had this done for a magazine layout. (X)

SPECTOR
'Superstars in their Boudoirs.' Did you see it? (X)

FRANK
No. (X)

DEVANEY
Rachel never liked it. (X)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

SPECTOR (X)
She didn't have to like it...

Devaney gently lays the cut-out letter on the bed.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2) 23

DEVANEY
We found the letter here.

FRANK
Somebody was in here?

DEVANEY
Somebody broke in and ... masturbated on the bed.

FRANK
And she doesn't know about this either?

Devaney shakes his head.

SPECTOR (X)
Are you kidding? This would really (X)
freak her out. (X)

DEVANEY
What do you think?

FRANK
Someone penetrates the house, gets upstairs and jerks off on the bed... I'd say that qualifies as a problem.

DEVANEY
What kind of problem? (X)

SPECTOR (X)
(agitated)
Oh fuck, we don't need this now...

FRANK
This house is wide open.

SPECTOR
Excuse me? (X)

FRANK
I said this house is wide open and (X)
you people have no clue what real security is or what it takes to acheive it.

DEVANEY
(does a quick read on Frank)
Frank, I totally respect what you're telling me. Tell me how you want to work and I'll accomodate you.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: '(3) 23

FRANK
Look, I can't protect her. I won't (X)
be responsible for her safety if (X)
she doesn't know what's going on. (X)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2) 23

DEVANEY
I'll talk to her, I'll make her understand. I can do that.

STEIN
No. I'll talk to her.

Stein exits the room in a huff.

24 EXT. MARRON HOUSE FRONT - DAY 24

Frank emerges with Devaney and crosses toward his car.

DEVANEY
...She won't give you any static, Frank, you've got my word on that.

Frank is still focused on Fletcher.

FRANK
Sure she will.

DEVANEY
So what job's perfect? You're a bodyguard, aren't you?

Slowly, Frank faces him.

FRANK
(quietly)
Yeah.

As they reach the car, Devaney is relieved. He dares a perfect smile.

FRANK
Devaney, if you ever lie to me again, I'll take you apart.

25 INT. MARRON MANSION - FRANK'S ROOM - DAY 25

Henry Dupres is leaning against the doorjamb. The room is comfortable, a guest bedroom. Frank flops one battered suitcase onto the bed and opens it. He pulls open some drawers in the dresser and starts putting away his clothes.

HENRY
Why'd you say your name was Edison?

FRANK
I wanted to see how hard it was to get in.

HENRY
And it wasn't, was it?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

Henry unconsciously flexes his fingers, easing the muscles in his hands. Frank notices and pulls out a small tube of ointment from a pouch he's unpacking. He hands it to Henry.

FRANK
Put this on your arm. It'll help the ache.

Henry takes it but is noncommittal.

FRANK
I'll bet you can fill up a whole day just washing the cars and driving Rachel Marron around town.

HENRY
That's my job.

FRANK
We're adding to your duties.

HENRY
Huh? (X)

FRANK
You're my new assistant.

Frank removes three boxes of cartidges from the suitcase and puts them in the back of a dresser drawer as Henry watches.

HENRY
Says who?

FRANK
Henry, I've spent a lot of time guarding people all over the world and I've found one thing to be true. No matter how incompetent the assassins, no matter how much they miss their target by, there's one person who always gets hit.

HENRY
Who?

FRANK
The cocky black chauffeur.

Henry considers this for a moment and smiles.

OVER scenes 26-28, we hear the VOICE of CNN's MARTIN GROVE from "Showbiz Today."

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2) 25

MARTIN GROVE (O.S.)
It's Oscar time again, folks, and with Academy members marking their ballots today for this year's nominations, Some canny tipsters in Vegas have announced their picks for the Awards. Echoing the prevailing buzz in Hollywood, the Vegas Hilton is gambling on one sure thing at least. Newcomer (X)
Rachel Marron is tipped at 3 to 1 (X)
to lead this year's Best Actress runners. The sultry singer made a notable acting debut last fall in 'Queen Of The Night', singing the hit song 'I Have Nothing'. The lady may end up eating her words if she takes home that statuette March 20th...

26 EXT. PERIMETER OF ESTATE - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY 26

The fortification of the estate begins as Frank and Henry walk the grounds. Frank talks and points, Henry takes notes on a pad. Frank gestures at the stonework of the gate, points at the top of the stone wall along Waverly Lane. At the tall hedges which separate the estate from its neighbors, Frank gestures to take in the entire length of the hedged border. Henry stops in amazement. Frank keeps walking.

27 EXT. MARRON ESTATE - POOL AREA - DAY 27

Fletcher stands at the edge of the terrace, staring down across the rear grounds.

FLETCHER'S POV

Frank and Henry are down there conferring about the fence.

RACHEL

appears beside Fletcher, looks down there too, then leads her son purposefully away. Fletcher isn't happy about it.

28 INT. MARRON MANSION - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY 28

Frank tours the house with Emma and Henry. Frank opens various doors, fidgets with locking mechanisms. Emma finds it all exciting. (X) (X)

29 INT. MARRON ESTATE - POOL HOUSE/BALLET STUDIO - DAY 29

A small room at one end of the pool house has been fitted with a wall mirror and ballet exercise barre. A STEREO plays exercising MUSIC.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

Nicki, dressed in leotards, is doing pre-aerobic stretching exercises. Frank appears outside the window. Nicki waves him in. Unseen by Frank, a huge St. Bernard lays in the front of the door. He muscles his way in, the dog never moves, just slides along the floor as Frank pushes the door open. Frank looks the room over.

FRANK
Unusual tactic for a guard dog, but effective.

Nicki smiles, gesturing him in.

NICKI
You can look around if you like.

Frank indicates it won't be necessary. Nicki stops working out.

FRANK
I'm sorry to disturb you.

NICKI
That's all right. It's an excuse to rest. It's my private place. I'm the only one who works out around here. (X) (X)

Frank glances at photos on one wall. Most are of Nicki from years ago; some show her performing with a band.

NICKI
My own ego wall. No platinum records.

Frank spots a picture of two girls.

FRANK
You and Rachel?

NICKI
When I was a kid, I put a little band together. We played high school dances, stuff like that. Then Rachel joined the act. As you can imagine, she was quite a little entertainer. Even then, she had a way of stopping the show. So I kind of quit. Professionally, anyway.

FRANK
You never went back?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2) 29

NICKI
It was pretty obvious who the star in our family was.

Frank looks back at the picture. Nicki smiles.

30 EXT. MARRON ESTATE - GARAGE AREA - DAY 30

Frank and Henry walk toward the closed garages.

HENRY
That depends on what you call a 'hint.'

FRANK
I don't want anyone on the street to be able to look at the cars and know who owns them.

Henry leans in a doorway and hits a masterswitch. The three doors of the garage start to rise in sequence.

HENRY
I don't think there's anything here you'd call a 'hint.'

One at a time the doors go up to reveal:

First garage -- the Cadillac limousine we've seen earlier. License: Rachel 2

Second garage -- a grey Mercedes. License: Rachel 3

Third garage -- a Jaguar XKE in an outrageous pink. No other car in the world is this color. License: Rachel 1

Frank looks at Henry, who is laughing and shakes his head. He walks toward the Jag.

Frank releases the hood. He looks inside for a moment, then reaches into the guts of the engine. He fiddles for a second, then stands up holding some wires and slams the hood shut again. He gestures toward the other two cars.

FRANK
Get new plates for those two.

31 EXT. GATE AREA - DAY 31

The fortification continues as workmen use a bulldozer to clear away the stonework around the entrance.

32 EXT. DRIVEWAY OF MARRON ESTATE - DAY 32

Sitting beside Henry, Frank teaches him how to spin the limo in a 180 degree 'skid turn,' sending up clouds of dust. A (X)
group of roadies watching bursts into spontaneous applause.

33 EXT. GATE AREA - DAY 33

Fletcher sits on the grass about halfway to the house, watching the activity with delighted interest. He turns as he spots something beyond the hedge.

FLETCHER'S POV

Workmen put up a seven-foot cyclone fence. Across the road, a black Toyota 4 X 4 is stopped. It slowly pulls away. We can't see inside it.

34 EXT. GATE AREA - DAY 34

One worker pries a small boulder out of a hole with a crowbar. His partner picks up the rock and tosses it on a small pile of rocks. The boulder bounces down the backside of the pile.

35 INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - DAY 35

Rachel, looking out her window at Fletcher and the workmen, sees the rock stop a yard from him. Fletcher scrambles away, much as a kid might dance back from a wave on a beach. The sight disturbs Rachel.

RACHEL
Fletcher! C'mon. Back in here!

As she speaks, some workmen test the remote control on a (X)
window shutter. It descends in front of Rachel's face. She (X)
is not amused. Fletcher passes Frank on his way to join (X)
Rachel. He mutters almost under his breath.

FLETCHER
I think he's got a black 4 X 4.
Could be a Chevy. More like a (X)
Toyota. (X)

Frank stares at Fletcher, then looks back to the street.

36 INT. F.B.I. LOS ANGELES OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 36

The room is dark. An opaque projector throws an image onto a screen; it is a letter threatening Rachel's life. We hear voices. One is Frank's; the other two belong to special agents RAY COURT and TERRY MINELLA.

The letter is one of the pasted-up threats we saw being assembled earlier. It reads:

36 CONTINUED: 36

MARRON BITCH -- YOU HAVE EVERYTHING
I HAVE NOTHING. THE TIME IS COMING
WHEN YOU SHALL DIE...

Reading as fast as possible, we pick up some vicious threats and obscenities, but we don't have time to read it all before we...

CUT TO:

FRANK'S FACE

illuminated by the screen.

COURT (O.S.)
This is another of the ones we think are worth pursuing. Lots of work went into it. No prints. We're doing lab work on it. It could be nothing.

MINELLA'S FACE

is illuminated above the projector.

MINELLA
This is the one you think is tied (X)
the doll? (X)

FRANK (O.S.)
That's what her manager thinks. (X)

COURT (O.S.)
This 'I Have Nothing' business is a natural with the record and movie and all.

(X)

The projector light goes off and the room light goes on. The room is practically bare.

Ray Court, a prematurely white-haired, career civil servant, (X)
raises the window shade. Sunlight streams in. On Court's lapel is a tiny P.T. Boat pin.

Terry Minella, a slight, dark 35-year-old, offers Frank a cigarette; Frank declines, Minella lights up.

COURT (X)
I sort of lost track of you after (X)
Washington. (X)
(X)

FRANK (X)
Yeah. (X)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2) 36 (X

COURT
How's the private stuff? (X)

FRANK (X)
(noncommittal) (X)
Fine. (X)

COURT (X)
Big money, I bet? Huh? (X)

Frank shrugs Court looks at Minella knowingly. (X)

37 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY 37 (X

Minella and Court walk Frank to the lobby. (X)

COURT
Shit. I knew it. It is big money. Fuck! You need an assistant? I'm ready to get out. I've lost my tolerance for assholic behavior. You should see the jerk we're covering now...

MINELLA
A walking schlong Senator who shall, of course, remain nameless...

COURT
'Hellfire Henry' Kent...

MINELLA
Shh! Somebody wants to pop him...

COURT
Which isn't exactly surprising, considering what the shithead's been saying.

MINELLA
Yeah! Do everyone a favor...
(he coughs, ironically)
As you know, we're nonpolitical these days.

The three men laugh easily together. They have reached the lobby doors.

COURT
(to Frank)
We'll put this stuff through Washington. Behavioral Sciences should have something in a few days. (X)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 37

FRANK
Thanks.
(a pause)
Ray?

COURT
Yeah?

FRANK
Why am I getting all this cooperation?

MINELLA
She's a big star. Important people care about her.

COURT
Politics and show business are practically the same these days... Got any crowd photos we can use?

FRANK
I'm trying to keep her away from crowds.

COURT
Good luck.

38 INT. THE IVY - DAY 38

It's busy. Lots of customers arriving, leaving and seated at tables. Waiters criss-cross the terrace. Near the entrance, Rachel is saying goodbye to a middle-aged WOMAN. Frank stands nearby with Nicki. The woman says something to Rachel, who turns and looks at Frank. Rachel whispers something to the woman and they both laugh. They kiss and Rachel moves toward the entrance.

WOMAN
(an afterthought; phoney)
Goodbye, Nicki. So great to see you.

Nicki waves and follows Rachel. Frank stays very close without seeming to walk with Rachel.

A little girl darts into their path and approaches Rachel. Rachel glances at Frank, who has stopped with her, then she signs an autograph for the girl. The girl's mother, close behind her, hands a small camera casually to Nicki to be photographed as she and her daughter pose with Rachel. Frank watches Nicki quietly comply.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 38

Rachel, Stein and Frank all reach the front entrance together, and Frank slips out first, glancing around. Rachel comes out and passes within inches of him.

RACHEL
I'm surprised you didn't plug them.

39 EXT. THE IVY - DAY 39

Rachel attracts the usual stares from passersby. As they reach the limousine, Frank continues scanning the street. (X)
Tony stares at him, uncomprehending. (X)

TONY (X)
(impatiently)
Hey, let's go.

Frank takes a last look then gets into the front seat next to (X)
Tony. (X)
FRANK (X)
(across Tony) (X)
O.K. Henry, let's go. (X)
(X)
Tony looks at Frank, eyes narrowing. (X)
(X)
From across the street, we see the limo pull away. As the (X)
shot clears, the dark shape of another vehicle appears, slowly (X)
moving into frame over the top of the camera. (X)

40 INT. FRONT SEAT OF LIMO - DAY 40

Frank sits beside Tony, next to the door. Tony speaks to him (X)
in a near whisper.

TONY (X)
Let me set you straight on a few things. For starters, I love this lady... What I do for her I do for love. I'm not some hired fuckin' gun who is out to make her life miserable.

While Tony speaks, Frank's eyes dart to the side mirror; his (X)
gaze never leaves it.

FRANK'S POV - BLACK TOYOTA

appears in the rearview mirror.

BACK TO SCENE

TONY (X)
I do things the way she likes. Her happiness is everything to me.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: 40

Frank speaks while concentrating on the mirror.

FRANK
No problem. I'd like to know how (X)
you handle things, Tony. (X)

TONY (X)
I handle things fine, Frank. You
watch me and you'll learn
something.

FRANK
(to Henry)
Turn left.

HENRY
Is that him?

Frank shakes his head, he's not sure. Tony reacts. (X)

TONY (X)
Hey, What's going on?

FRANK
Shortcut.

FRANK'S POV - TOYOTA IN REARVIEW MIRROR

As the limo turns, the 4 X 4 follows them into the turn.

ANGLE - FRANK

whispers to Henry.

FRANK
Slow down, very slow.

HENRY
You want me to do a one-eighty?

FRANK
No, just slow down.

The car slows.

ANGLE - STEIN AND RACHEL IN BACK

They look up from some papers.

STEIN
Why are we stopping? Are we here?

Behind them, THROUGH the rear window, the 4 X 4 can be seen. Sensing something, it makes a sudden TIRE-SCREECHING left turn, disappearing behind them.

41 EXT. MARRON ESTATE - DAY 41

The limo enters the gate where workmen are rigging a large fence.

42 INT. LIMO - DAY 42

Frank speaks to Henry.

FRANK
Stop here... Take them to the house.

Frank jumps out and jumps a hedge, racing toward the lawn and work area.

ANGLE - TONY, RACHEL AND SPECTOR (X)

As the car pulls away they see Frank running wildly across the property.

TONY
What's with him?

43 EXT. MARRON ESTATE - DAY 43

As Frank comes through some bushes, he suddenly catches a glimpse of the 4 X 4 through the trees. It starts to accelerate.

As it pulls away (it is too far to record the license number), he breaks into a full run toward the other end of the property.

Leaping hedges, Frank crashes through tropical vegetation. CRASHING through a bamboo forest, he scurries down a steep wooded slope toward the road below. The 4 X 4 can be glimpsed through the trees as he runs to head it off.

A retaining wall about 14 feet high rises from the road to the slope. Without a pause, as the car speeds beneath, Frank leaps and drops the full distance to the road. The 4 X 4 ROARS PAST just missing him and turns a corner.

Hitting hard, Frank allows his knees to take the force of the fall, deliberately rolling once before he springs into a crouched upright positions.

But the 4 X 4 speeds around a corner and is gone.

44 INT. MARRON ESTATE - DAY 44

The fortification continues as workmen tighten screws, install electrical wiring, test alarms. As Frank watches over the work, we see him show Henry how to wear a SURV KIT communications system.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 44

FRANK
Keep this loose. (X)

Fletcher comes to take a look too. He peers up at Frank, expectantly.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 44

FLETCHER
Tell me about the car? (X)

FRANK
Toyota. Black.

FLETCHER
Four wheel drive? Late model?

Frank nods. Fletcher looks pleased.

FRANK
One snag though.

Fletcher's face falls.

FLETCHER
What?

FRANK
36,000 of them in Los Angeles. I checked. Nice work, though. (X)

FLETCHER
(shrugging)
Well, nobody's perfect, Frank. Are they?
(gesturing to the SURV KIT)
Can I try that? (X)

45 EXT. MARRON ESTATE POOLSIDE - DAY 45

Rachel has been watching Fletcher and Frank down the hill. Now she leans back on the chaise lounge where she is sunning, trying to listen to a new song on a Walkman.

There is the SCREECHING howl of a DRILL on METAL from the direction of the house. Rachel jumps up and yells toward the house.

RACHEL
Shut up you assholes!

46 INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - DAY 46

A mild-looking OLD LOCKSMITH is working on Rachel's window. Rachel walks in from the pool, starting to peel off her swimsuit. She stops, startled, as she sees him. This is the last straw. She blows up.

RACHEL
(clutching the swimsuit)
You! You! Out! Out! Now! Out of here! Get out!

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 46

Terrified, the Old Locksmith drops his tools and begins backing out of the room.

OLD LOCKSMITH
Yes, ma'am. Thank you. I'm a real fan of yours, Miss Marron.

Still angry, but disarmed, Rachel makes a face.

RACHEL
Then you can take your tools with you.

She turns to the window, in what she imagines is Frank's general direction, and, like a little girl, suddenly sticks out her tongue.

47 EXT. MARRON ESTATE - GATE/GUARD HOUSE - DAY 47

In a BIG CLOSEUP ON a black and white TV screen, we see Devaney's immaculate convertible Mercedes 500SL as it roars up the drive. Frank and Fletcher watch in the newly-erected guard house. The area is greatly changed. There is a uniformed guard with an impressive array of switches, lights and phones at his command.

There are several TV screens; one of them shows a series of endlessly-panning shots from cameras at the rear of the grounds. On the other, the Mercedes kicks up dust from the last few curves in the drive. Fletcher shakes his head. He's seen it all before.

HENRY
Is that Devaney? (X)

FLETCHER
(to Frank)
She's got him by the short ones, doesn't she, Frank?

Frank squelches a smile. Where did he learn that?

FRANK
Yeah, she makes him nervous.

They watch as Devaney SCREECHES to a STOP, gets out and hurries inside.

48 INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY 48

Nicki is cutting fruit at the bar. Rachel, very tense, is taking the fruit and dropping it into a yogurt drink she's making in a blender.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

Rory, her choreographer, stands behind her, massaging her neck (X)
and shoulders. Spector is perched on a bar stool like a (X)
vulture. Devaney hurries into the room; Nicki gives him a
look.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2) 48

RACHEL
I want him gone.

DEVANEY
What is it now?

NICKI
He told Rachel no Sunday brunch at Charlie's.

DEVANEY
No Sunday brunch. That's why you called me up here? (X)

RACHEL
That is not it! It's my money and my life and I want him out of here.

DEVANEY
Where is he?

Nicki indicates through the glass door. Devaney walks over to it.

NICKI
On the patio. (X)

RACHEL
He's through messing with my life.

DEVANEY
Rachel, I'm getting goddamn sick (X)
of running up here every time he (X)
steps on your toes. (X)
(leaning out the glass door.)
Farmer! Would you come in here a minute?

Devaney walks back toward Rachel.

RACHEL
Did you <u>know</u> he was nuts?

SPECTOR (X)
Do you know who couldn't get past the gates yesterday?

RACHEL
Who?

SPECTOR (X)
Robin Leach, that's who.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (3) 48

Rory sniggers into the back of Rachel's hair, fighting off a laugh. Rachel has difficulty keeping a straight face, too. (X)
Spector glares at them as Frank enters from the sliding door. (X)

SPECTOR (X)
You think that's funny? The man talks to 20 million people and he can't even get in here.

FRANK
Did he have an appointment?

Devaney turns to him.

DEVANEY
Farmer, what is this about brunch at Charlie's? Rachel's been going there every Sunday for the last five years.

FRANK
I don't want her doing anything she's always done.

RACHEL
(mimicking him)
'I don't want her doing anything she's always done.' The guy's a fanatic.

DEVANEY
So are the guys he's protecting you from.

RACHEL
Excuse me if I don't faint.

NICKI
Think of Fletcher --

Rachel turns ON the BLENDER, drowning out Nicki's voice. Frank looks at Rachel coolly. She stares at him petulantly, then turns OFF the BLENDER.

RACHEL
Do you know he's got the phones bugged?

SPECTOR
Oh Jesus, Bill. (X)

RACHEL
Maybe he gets off listening to my calls. All that heavy breathing...

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (4) 48

DEVANEY
(interrupting)
What do you want from my life?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: '(5) 48

RACHEL
I want some peace around here.

SPECTOR
That's right. (X)

Devaney looks at Frank imploringly.

FRANK
We're almost done.

RACHEL.
And I want to be able to eat brunch with my friends.

FRANK
Go on Tuesday this week.

Spector looks at him as though he were a Martian. (X)

SPECTOR (X)
(stretching it out)
Tuesday -- morning -- brunch.
Where did you find this guy?

Rachel turns ON the BLENDER and stares at Frank.

48A EXT. THRIFT SHOP - VALLEY - DAY 48A

Rachel's limousine is parked opposite the shop. It's a decidedly downscale area. A little way off, a group of unemployed youths hang around, eyeing the limo with interest. Henry sits at the wheel. Tony stands by the open window, leaning against the car.

HENRY
(looking at the youths)
I wish Rachel didn't keep coming here. It makes me nervous.

TONY
Me too. "Cept I'm not nervous 'cos I got <u>you</u> with me.

49 INT. THRIFT SHOP - CLOSE ON CLOTHES HANGER - DAY 49

SCREECHING as it's slid along a metal rack.

Rachel is shopping for bargains, moving along racks of discarded clothing.

RACHEL
Louise, you've got too much great stuff.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 49

OWNER
(from the back of the shop, laughing)
Take it all, darlin'.

Frank leans casually against a wall, not watching Rachel, but watching the shop, watching the street outside. Rachel finds something she likes.

RACHEL
Wooo! Let me try this on.

She flicks a glance to Frank; he's not looking at her. She pulls back the curtain of the makeshift changing booth, then stops dramatically.

RACHEL
(to Frank, indicating the open booth)
Farmer, do you want to come in here with me? Just to be safe?

Frank glances at her, then resumes his serveilance of the shop. Rachel's head bobs up and down above the curtain as she changes.

RACHEL
You probably won't believe this, but I have a reputation for being a bitch.

Frank says nothing. He gazes outside through the store-front window and sees Henry and Tony horsing around next to the limo. A few small boys stand around the car. One of them is climbing onto the hood. (X) (X)

RACHEL
I didn't used to be. But you get known for being a certain way -- a way people think you are -- and pretty soon you get like that. Can't help it.

Frank smiles knowingly. Rachel notices.

RACHEL
You don't think so? You're such an expert on famous people?

FRANK
I've seen a few.

RACHEL
And you disagree?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2) 49

FRANK
(very flat)
You can be as you choose to be. It's an act of discipline sometimes, but it can be done.

Rachel stops in her tracks... then opens the curtains and looks at herself in the mirror. Also reflected in the mirror is Frank.

RACHEL
That why you never stay with one of your clients? They too undisciplined for you? Or is it you're afraid you'll start to care about them?

FRANK
(without interest)
That's right.

Rachel turns to Frank.

RACHEL
Can't you answer straight just once? Why don't you talk to me? I'm not such a bad lady.

FRANK
You're too clever for me. I can't keep up.

Frank continues to search the shop and street with his gaze. Rachel steps closer to him.

RACHEL
Look at me, Farmer!

Frank turns and looks at her.

RACHEL
You don't approve of me, do you?

FRANK
Disapproval's a luxury I can't afford. Gets in the way.

RACHEL
Don't like emotions getting to you, huh? Never mix business with pleasure?

FRANK
That's right.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (3) 49

It's a stand-off. After a moment, Rachel motions to an outfit on a rack just behind him.

RACHEL
Grab that would you?

Frank takes a beat. Looks out the window.

FRANK
I'm here to keep you alive... not to help you shop.

Fuming, Rachel sizes things up, then grabs it herself, whipping the curtain shut behind her.

A smile plays across Frank's face.

50 INT. DARKENED ROOM - CLOSEUP - NIGHT 50

We see a man's hands remove a video cassette from its sleeve. The cover reads "RACHEL MARRON - THE #1 HITS." The CASSETTE is gently eased into the slot of the video player.

Rachel's image appears on the screen, singing softly, intensely, passionately into the camera. WE TRACK INTO the image, as if a little hypnotized by it.

ANGLE FRANK

Frank sits alone in his room, lit by the glow of the TV, dressed in a business-style blue suit and tie. He's watching Rachel's videos. Scattered around the video player are a collection of other Rachel Marron CDs, tapes and videos. Frank has been noting down lyrics on the yellow legal pad on his lap. Some of the phrases are circled.

As he watches, we see a subtle change in his expression. It is as if he really were looking at Rachel for the first time, here, watching her sing. For a second, she seems to be singing to him alone, passionate and vulnerable.

He opens a small box and removes a tiny enamelled Russian Orthodox-type cross. He fastens the clasp, checking that it holds, then looks back to the screen.

51 EXT. MARRON ESTATE - NIGHT 51

Rachel's SONG PLAYS OVER the moonlit estate.

52 INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 52

The room is surprisingly bare and simple, almost empty apart from Rachel's collection of old and faded dolls on the shelves and on the bed. Rachel is getting dressed for the evening. A hairdresser stands behind her, fussing with her hair.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: 52

Rachel hears the MUSIC coming from outside and moves to the window. (The hairdresser moves with her, still busy with the brush.) Gazing across the garden, she sees the light in Frank's room and hears her own voice singing out from there too.

53 EXT. MARRON ESTATE - NIGHT 53

Frank is showing Henry how to check the underside of the limo with an angled mirror on a stick. Both are crouched beside the vehicle. A noise makes them look up. Rachel, dressed to the nines and looking very sexy, emerges from the house with (X)
Spector and Devaney. Spector's carrying a videotape. Tony (X)
follows as they head for the car, where Frank and Henry are waiting. Fletcher stands in the doorway, flanked by uniformed security guards. He waves at Frank.

FRANK
(to Henry)
I thought it was dinner.

Henry shrugs.

FRANK
(to Spector) (X)
Are we going somewhere else?

SPECTOR (X)
The Mayan, Frank.

FRANK
What's the Mayan?

Spector starts to climb into the limo. (X)

SPECTOR (X)
It's a club, Frank. Come on, Henry let's go.

FRANK
Spector, you've got to tell me (X)
about these things.

SPECTOR (X)
I just did.

He disappears inside the limo.

Rachel tugs at Frank's lapels, looks him up and down, brushing something off his shoulder. Frank's annoyed.

RACHEL
Nice suit, Frank.

Rachel is about to get in.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

FRANK
Rachel.

He removes something from his pocket, the small enamelled cross.

FRANK
I want you to keep this.

Rachel looks at it, both flattered and confused.

RACHEL
For me? It's beautiful.

FRANK
It's fitted with a radio transmitter. When you close the clasp, it sends a signal. If (X)
there's ever a problem and we're separated, just press it and I'll (X)
know you need me. (X)

Rachel doesn't know how to respond. She's stuck for words. Stein pokes his head out impatiently.

STEIN
Okay, she knows how it works, let's get going.

Rachel manages a quick smile to Frank as she gets in the back. (X)
Frank gets in the front beside Tony. The limo pulls out. (X)

54 INT. LIMO - NIGHT (LATER) 54

Frank rides beside Tony in the front seat. The RADIO PLAYS (X)
SOFTLY in the b.g. In back, Rachel, Stein and Devaney are (X)
drinking champagne. Tony burps, smiles at Frank. (X)

RADIO D.J. (V.O.)
You're listening to K.R.O.K., the rock of L.A. and yes we have. We told you we'd crack the case of the mystery guest... and if you are one
of the few who hasn't heard, it's (X)
Rachel at the Mayan. (X)

Frank turns UP the VOLUME.

RADIO D.J. (V.O.)
Rachel Marron, tonight, appearing as Billy Thomas' very special guest. But if you don't have a ticket, you can forget going down there.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: 54

RADIO D.J. (Cont'd)
Police are asking us to ask you to stay away. So everybody, please stay cool, stay tuned and we'll try to get you some interviews after the show. Remember, you heard it here on K.R.O.K. -- the station that delivers.

Frank looks back at Stein who silently mouths --

STEIN
It wasn't me.

The car turns a corner and there it is, The Mayan only fifty yards ahead, a mob of fans spilling out of the club, off the sidewalk and into the street. (X)

TONY (X)
Fuckin' a.

Stein whoops with uncontrolled delight from the back of the limo. Frank stares ahead in disbelief. The NOISE of the CROWD can be heard as they pull up front.

55 EXT. THE MAYAN - NIGHT 55 (X

The mob reacts to the sight of the approaching limo which turns into the parking area and heads for the backstage.

Faces of the fans are at the windows leering at Rachel. Many are grotesquely painted. Some go into a wild frenzy as Rachel's limo pulls up. There is a punch-up and a man is beaten back. Someone has a video camera. Its quartz light shines in through the limo windows. Everybody squints at the glare.

56 EXT. BACKSTAGE ENTRANCE - NIGHT 56

As Rachel's car pulls up, the beaten man dances weirdly at the curb with blood streaming from his nose. A pair of security guards try to hold them back. As her limo stops, a chant begins.

CROWD
Rachel! Rachel! We want Rachel!

Others join in as the mob presses forward.

The instant she exits the car, her expression goes public -- a wide, show-biz smile. Sandwiched between Stein and Devaney, (X) with Tony in front and Frank at the rear, Rachel makes her (X) entrance.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 56

A young man breaks the barrier moving toward Rachel. Frank grabs him by one of his belt loops gracefully guides him all the way across and slips him under the opposite cordon into the arms of a security guard. (X) (X) (X)

57 INT. RACHEL'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT 57

Rachel steps into a room set for a star's arrival. Flowers are on every surface that will hold them. One huge arrangement is so big it has to be placed on the floor. Frank checks them all with a magnometer wand before letting Rachel sit down. He goes out, closing the door, watchful. (X) (X) (X)

58 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT 58

Frank's eyes search the crush of people, milling around outside the dressing room. A few feet away, Stein talks to a journalist who's carrying a tape recorder. (X) (X) (X)

JOURNALIST (X)
...and this is my exclusive? (X)

STEIN (X)
I swear I thought she'd talk to you. Maybe later. what can I say? (X) (X)

Frank is checked out by a strange-looking woman in Vampyra Drag. (X) (X)

59 INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT 59

Rachel sits in front of the mirror putting on the silver headpiece we saw earlier. She notices a small spray of lillies-of-the-valley among the floral arrangements. An envelope marked "Rachel" is attached to it. She reaches forward and opens it. (X) (X) (X) (X) (X)

We see the note as she unfolds it. (X) (X)

MARRON BITCH - YOU HAVE EVERYTHING (X)
I HAVE NOTHING - PREPARE YOUR SOUL (X)
FOR DEATH - THE TIME TO DIE IS... (X)

We see the shock in her face (X) (X)

60 INT. STAR'S SUITE - MOMENTS LATER 60 (X

Stein, Frank, and Devaney are there. Rachel seems dazed, unfocussed. Devaney hands the note to Frank. (X) (X) (X) (X)

DEVANEY (X)
He sent another one. (X) (X)

Rachel immediately picks up on this. (X)

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: 60

RACHEL
What do you mean "another one"?

Frank quickly shoots a look at Spector. (X)

FRANK
They didn't tell you. (X)

RACHEL
Tell me what? (X)

DEVANEY
There were some letters before, Rachel.... same kind of thing, threats, oddball stuff....

SPECTOR (X)
We didn't want to worry you....

DEVANEY
....and somebody got into the house...

RACHEL
(starting to panic)
Someone was in my house?

SPECTOR (X)
O.K. Let's not get hysterical...

FRANK
Let's get her out of here.

RACHEL
Someone was in my house? (X)

SPECTOR (X)
It was weeks ago. You were out of (X)
town... (X)

RACHEL
While Fletcher was there? (X)

SPECTOR
Listen, Fletcher is O.K. The house is like Fort Knox now. Right, (X)
Frank?

FRANK
We should get her out of here. (X)
Right now! (X)

SPECTOR
There's no way anyone could... (X)

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2) 60

RACHEL
No way anyone could what? (X)

SPECTOR (X)
No, wait... look everybody calm down. Calm down.

DEVANEY
Sy.

SPECTOR (X)
Let's just see how she is.
(to Rachel)
How do you feel, honey?

Someone comes through the door with some flowers. Frank eases them out and gently closes the door.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (3) 60

FRANK
I can't protect her out there.

RACHEL
Do you think he's out there? (X)

Devaney can't answer. She turns to Frank.

RACHEL
He's here, isn't he? (X)

FRANK
He might be.

SPECTOR (X)
We don't know that. Frank, we don't know that.

Rachel is enraged.

RACHEL
But you know he was in my house... oh my God.

DEVANEY
Let's go home, Sy. We'll have to make an announcement.

SPECTOR (X)
Fine, you make it, they'll tear the fucking place apart.

61 INT. ONSTAGE - NIGHT 61

A lone mike stands onstage. The crowd's growing impatient. A RYTHMIC CLAPPING begins. Devaney walks timidly onstage. He's not happy to be there. He reaches the mike and taps it with a finger.

DEVANEY
Excuse me... hello... I've got an announcement to make. I'm sorry but... due to circumstances beyond...

Voices shout. "Where's Rachel?"... a groan begins. A chorus of boos fills the room. He raises his hands. More voices.

62 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT 62

Frank guides Rachel toward the stage exit. A roar from the audience begins. "Rachel! Rachel! Rachel!" It grows louder as they near the exit. Rachel's expression is a combination of fear and humiliation. When they have almost reached the exit, she stops.

62 CONTINUED: 62

RACHEL
Wait...

FRANK
Rachel... don't do it. It's not worth it...

RACHEL
(cutting him off)
No fucking freak is gonna chase me off stage.

She pulls away from him. Farmer starts after her, closely followed by Stein.

63 INT. STAGE - NIGHT 63

DEVANEY
I'm afraid that...

A great gush of applause from the audience. Devaney's befuddled. He doesn't see Rachel walking up behind him.

DEVANEY
Rachel won't be able...

Rachel stands beside him beaming. She bows. Claps back to her fans. Devaney retreats. Rachel gestures in his direction.

RACHEL
Bill Devaney, ladies and gentlemen, thank you, Bill. Hey, everyone. Hello! Isn't Billy Thomas the greatest. He's asked me to sing a song. I hope you don't mind.

The crowd roars its approval.

Frank nervously scans the room. Rachel smiles and moves along the stage. MUSIC starts in the b.g. Masking obvious fear, she starts to sing.

As she takes one hand from the microphone, her fingers tremble. She clasps it again to hide her anxiety.

ANGLE - RACHEL - SHOT FROM BEHIND

shows her alone and vulnerable, bathed in light, centerstage, but the voice comes ever stronger.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: 63

ANGLE - FRANK

Frank scans the audience intensely, face to face. Rachel snatches a quick glance at him then looks back to her silent audience.

Stein approaches, positioning himself combatively between Frank and his view of Rachel.

STEIN
Are we having a communications problem here?

FRANK
What?

Stein's presence is a distraction. Frank steps to one side for a better view of Rachel. Stein moves too.

STEIN
Apparently, I didn't make it clear to you how things go around here.

FRANK
You told me you were going to tell her. And you didn't.

STEIN
I didn't think she could handle it.

FRANK
But she handled it fine.

Frank continues to peer past Stein's shoulder, his vigilance undiminished. Soothed and nurtured by the obvious admiration of her audience, Rachel's fear is beginning to vanish. The song is taking over. Stein changes tack, becoming confidential, "man-to-man."

STEIN
Look. Frank, I know what you're saying. I know you want to do what's best for her. I understand that. You have a job to do here. (X)
But you have to understand that (X)
Rachel has a job to do too. And (X)
that's what she's doing - <u>out there</u>. She's working, Frank. (X)
That's what she does and that's (X)
where she does it. If she doesn't (X)
get out there, she's dead. Forget (X)
about crazy death threats, if she (X)
doesn't sing, she's dead anyway... (X)
(more)

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2) 63

SPECTOR (CONT'D)
That's what she does and that's where she does it. She's hot right now. This is the time for her. If she doesn't get out there, she's dead. Forget about crazy death threats, if she doesn't sing, she's dead anyway... Look, handled properly, This thing could be good for a million dollar's worth of free publicity. (X) (X)

Frank grabs him by the collar and slams him up against a wall of curtain ropes.

FRANK
One word. (X)

SPECTOR
It could clinch her the nomination. (X)

FRANK
One word in print about any of this...

Spector nods, half-gasping. Frank tightens his grip. Frank's attention is drawn by a renewed roar from the crowd. (X)

SPECTOR
Trouble with you is you don't understand the sympathy vote. (X)

64 INT. STAGE - NIGHT 64

Rachel scans the crowd, spread before her like a surreal mural.

Camera flashbulbs explode like crazy through the glare. The thundering adoration is like a stimulant. She darts a look to Frank and gives him a fierce "naughty girl" smile.

RACHEL
(turning back to crowd)
You like that? Would like to hear another? Billy?

From the wings, Billy Thomas gives her the nod to go for it. It seems to be alright with everyone. The band starts playing a dance beat.

RACHEL
(on the prowl)
I think my feet are trying to tell me something... wanna see a new video?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: 64

The crowd explodes. They know what song is coming. They start to move with Rachel.

RACHEL
(dancing, talking)
I want to dance...

She skitters to the other side of the stage, baiting her fans. Her new video explodes across the video wall behind her. The crowd surges forward.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: 64 (X (X)

One of the guards darts out like a ballboy at a tennis match, (X) pushes the fan back and scurries to the far side to resume his (X) vigilance. The crowd is getting even more excited, pressing (X) closer, trying to touch Rachel. (X)

The security guards move in, but Rachel gestures for them to (X) back off.

ANGLE - FRANK

Frank's task has suddenly become impossible. A forest of hands and faces start to engulf Rachel. Anyone could be the killer. Frank's eyes dart over them all, his gaze intense, as if trying to hold them off by sheer willpower.

RACHEL'S POV

Looking offstage at Frank. His frustration is almost intoxicating to her. She struts over the lip of the stage. A man leaps up from audience to join her. Frank starts (X) forward. Rachel gestures to him to hold back, waving him off. (X)

65 INT. WINGS - NIGHT 65

Stein stands well out of Frank's reach, staring at Rachel onstage. He catches Frank's attention, yelling back defiantly.

STEIN
Look at her, fucking great.

66 INT. ONSTAGE - NIGHT 66

Rachel dances erotically with the man -- bumping and grinding, (X) sinking to her knees. The crowd roars approval. (X)

Frank quickly sizes up the scene. He speaks into a SURV KIT (X) microphone in his sleeve. Across the room we see Henry (X) listening, pushing an earpiece to his ear. Henry quickly (X) scurries to an exit. Frank starts moving toward the stage. At (X) that moment, the lucky man Rachel's dancing with grabs her (X) around the waist and spins her gleefully, like the dance partner she has been pretending to be. One of the security guards rushes forward to extricate her. The spinning man inadvertantly bumps hard into the guard and the man loses his grip on Rachel. She flies out of his grasp and tumbles off the front of the stage -- into the adoring arms of a half dozen fans.

The audience goes wild. This is the kind of thing Rachel was famous for when she was starting out. The scene resembles a rugby scrum... with Rachel the ball.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 66

Frank sees Rachel being passed over the heads of fans -- deeper into the audience. Her dress is ripped and torn apart. The silver headpiece is dislodged and disappears into the crowd. (X)

CLOSE ON RACHEL

Fear fills her face. She's gone over the edge, literally and figuratively. She's lost control. Tony and the security guards are fighting to get to her, slamming bodies out of the way. In the background, the video continues on its serene, uninterrupted way. (X) (X)

FRANK'S POV

He spots a fire extinguisher in the wings.

Frank grabs it and heads to center stage. He aims the extinguisher at the crowd between Rachel and the stage. The chemical foam does its job, scattering fans.

Frank leaps onto the floor, kicking a wild-eyed young blond man in the chest as he fights his way to Rachel, taking her in his arms. Tony runs ahead of Frank, knocks a fan off the stage and waves for Frank to follow. (X)

FRANK
Tony, not there. (X)

TONY (X)
I'll take care of this.

He heads for the door.

TONY (X)
Just follow me.

He turns and heads out to the sidewalk like a bull.

67 EXT. THE MAYAN - NIGHT 67 (X

Tony bursts out the stage door and begins cutting a swath through the crowd. Rain beats down. (X)

TONY (X)
Make way here. Outta the way!

A burly street regular gets a shove from Tony and comes back hard. The crowd immediately sides with him, yells encouragement. But Tony is the better man and sends him sprawling. The rest of the way to the parking area opens up. (X) (X) (X)

At the parking area Tony discovers there is no limo and turns in bewilderment to Rachel. But she is not there. A couple of people laugh. (X)

68 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 68

Rachel and Frank emerge from the darkness between two garbage bins and get into the limo Henry has waiting there. The car moves out with a SCREECH of tires, narrowly missing Stein as he staggers out of the building.

STEIN
Hey! What the fuck... Farmer! Farmer! Come back here...

The limo skids around the corner and speeds off up the street, leaving Stein in helpless fury -- apoplectic and speechless.

69 INT. LIMO - NIGHT 69

Frank turns and looks at Rachel. She is diminutive, doll-like, alone in the center of the large limousine seat. Her hands rise to her face and her body begins to shake with sobs as she sits there alone in the tattered remains of her dress.

Frank turns away to avoid staring at her, but he feels uncomfortable. Henry senses what is going on and speaks softly.

HENRY
Never done that before.

FRANK
It's been a long night.

70 INT. THE MAYAN - NIGHT 70 (X

The crowd is thinning out. A dim worklight is burning somewhere backstage. The auditorium is a mess; the cleaning crew has begun to work on the debris from the riot. FOOTSTEPS APPROACH, walking, pausing, as if looking for something.

Lying on the floor in big CLOSEUP we see a small fragment of Rachel's dress. The FOOTSTEPS STOP by it. A hand picks it up gently and lifts it OUT OF FRAME. We hear the sound of a deep lingering INHALATION of breath. The feet move on.

71 INT. MARRON HOUSE - NIGHT 71

Fletcher is asleep in his bed. Frank waits as Rachel glances in. Then she moves away. Opening the door to her room, she steps back, allowing him to enter ahead. (X) (X)

72 INT. RACHEL'S ROOM - NIGHT 72

Frank moves quickly into the room, checking the window and French door. Rachel waits silently by the door. All is clear. He steps back to the door. As he approaches her she begins to tremble. (X)

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: 72

He gently reaches out and takes her in his arms. Slowly holding her he leads her to bed, moving aside some of Rachel's dolls, laid out on the pillows.

Her hands go automatically to her dress but they are shaking so badly she cannot undo it. Frank gently does it for her. She willingly allows him to undress her and not a word is spoken between them. As she sits naked still trembling, he (X)
pulls down the covers and guides her gently into bed. As he (X)
adjusts the covers she reaches up and takes hold of his hand. (X)
He looks down, stroking her forehead like a child's.

RACHEL
Aren't you going to ask me why I behave like that?

FRANK
I know why.

73 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 73

Frank sits alone at a table in the huge kitchen, carefully cutting and eating a peach. The door at the other end of the (X)
room slams open and Tony stalks in, soaking wet. He has just (X)
made his way home from the MAYAN and he is boiling. He sights (X)
on Frank and moves toward him fast.

Frank just watches until Tony is almost upon him. As Tony (X)
reaches out to lift him by his shirt, Frank spins low out of (X)
his seat. Tony's legs are knocked out from under him. He (X)
lands hard on his back and finds himself looking up at Frank,
who holds him down with the chair he was sitting on, like a (X)
lion tamer, a leg strut pressed against Tony's throat. Frank (X)
looks down at him questioningly, as if to ask, "Had enough?"

Tony scowls and nods. Frank lifts the chair away. Tony (X)
stands up and faces him. Frank turns away and Tony throws a (X)
punch at his head, barely catching him as Frank ducks and
moves in under it. He hits Tony twice and throws him against (X)
a cabinet. Tony gets up slowly, looks around and grabs a (X)
carving knife from a hook on the wall. He holds it in front
of him threateningly.

Frank shakes his head. He's getting irritated. He picks up the knife he's been using on the peach and flips it in his hand so he's holding it by the blade. With the same fluid motion we've seen earlier, he throws it at Tony. (X)

It sticks in the wall an inch from Tony's ear. Tony does a (X)
slow take and then lowers his blade. Frank picks up his dirty (X)
dish and takes it to the sink. He glances at Tony. (X)

FRANK
I don't want to talk about this again.

74 EXT. MARRON ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - DAWN 74

Frank has been talking to the uniformed guard in the gate house and now begins walking up the drive toward the mansion. The grounds are quiet, beautiful, misty.

We see him from behind some foliage, as if he's being covertly observed, stalked. A twig snaps and he turns sharply. It's Rachel. She's dressed in a soft jumpsuit and starts jogging out from behind the bushes towards him. The suit softens her appearance; she looks lovely. Her manner, too, has altered; she is charming -- friendly and very girlish.

RACHEL
Hey! Gotcha, didn't I?

FRANK
Hey.

RACHEL
You're probably wondering what I'm doing.
(as Frank nods)
You didn't know I jogged, did you?

Frank shakes his head.

RACHEL
What's the matter? 'Fraid I'll get picked off in my snazzy running suit?

FRANK
No. I'm afraid I'll have to jog with you.

They both smile.

RACHEL
Great. I guess I can't do it.

Rachel stops pumping, gasps for air, and for one moment, rests a hand on Frank's arm to support herself. She removes it quickly.

RACHEL
Will you walk with me a little?

Frank nods and they cut off across the grounds.

RACHEL
(hard for her)
I know this is kinda late, but I'm really glad you're here.
(she looks at him)
I'm going to try to cooperate.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (2) 74

Frank nods and they cut off across the grounds.

RACHEL
(hard for her)
I know this is kinda late, but thank you. I'm really glad you're here. (X)
(she looks at him)
I'm going to try to cooperate.

FRANK
That would be good.

They walk in silence for a few moments. When Rachel finally speaks, she sounds genuinely unsure of herself, nervous. It's very appealing. And if it's an act, she's a terrific actress.

RACHEL
Farmer... I have this problem. This minor little problem. You see, I'd like to go out for an evening. Just me and a guy. You know...
(makes a funny face)
... like a 'date.' But I can't go out on a date because you have to be with me every minute. I mean, what if he invited me up to his place afterwards? Are you going to come, too?
(a beat)
So the only thing I can figure is for you to take me out.
(pause)
So... that's what I was wondering... you know. What do you think? But only if you want to.

Frank is bemused.

RACHEL
Only if you want to... I'm not so bad...
(looks at him)
God, this is embarrassing. I'm gonna run up ahead there. You decide.

She runs up the hill to the pool area, which is now above them. He walks up after her.

75 EXT. MARRON ESTATE - BALCONY - DAY 75

Nicki is yelling from a window on the second floor of the mansion. Fletcher peers out with her.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: 75

RACHEL
Tell her she'll have to wait, babe. I'm getting fixed up here.

AT WINDOW - CLOSE ON NICKI

She watches Frank and Rachel, her expression neutral. She turns away. Fletcher continues to watch his mother with Frank. (X)

76 INT. DAN-DEE CAR WASH-O-RAMA (L.A.) - WASH TUNNEL - DAY 76

The SOUND is DEAFENING. A wet car comes out of the tunnel of machinery. In the distance, glimpsed through the spinning brushes, Henry talks to a couple of workers as he waits for the limo to be cleaned.

Hands appear with a large chamois cloth, moving easily and fast over the hood and windshield. A black in his early twenties is finishing the exterior of the car.

A second pair of hands appear. White hands in rubber gloves. They open the driver's door and push a vacuum suction hose inside. The hands switch ON the car RADIO, loud. Loud enough to hear over the din outside the car. The hose works its way over the front seats.

D.J. (V.O.)
... And here's another biggie from a lady very much in the news these days, Miss Rachel Marron...

We see the owner of the hands. It is the young blond man Frank kicked aside at the MAYAN. His name is DAN. His face is impassive. (X)

D.J. (V.O.)
... the hit song from the movie... 'Queen Of The Night'... I Have Nothing.

The song begins and Rachel's voice fights the din. In the back of the car, Dan's hose probes around, nosing into all the crevices of the upholstery. It sucks up a crumpled pre-signed photograph of Rachel from the gap beside the rear seat. The hose is switched off and the gloved hands retrieve the picture.

77 INT. LOCKER ROOM - WASH-A-RAMA - DAY 77

Tight, shabby facilities. Dan opens the combination padlock to his locker and deposits the crumpled photo inside. As the hands remove the rubber gloves, the inside of the locker is revealed. Pasted over every inch of the locker are pictures of Rachel Marron.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: 77

One tabloid shot of her dancing with the word "whore" scrawled across it. Taped to a single sheet of white paper in the center, like a holy relic, is the torn scrap of Rachel's dress from the MAYAN. (X) The hands pin up the newly-acquired photo next to it. (X)

78 thru 83 OMITTED 78 thru 83

84 INT. FBI LABORATORY - DAY 84

Special Agent Court is seated next to a white-coated technician. The technician is leaning over one of the neatly pasted-up death threats we have seen earlier. With a scalpel, he lifts the word "whore" from out of the message. He sets it on a white sheet, then brings the blade back and scrapes at the residue of the dry glue on the letter.

INSERT - B&W SHOT OF TOSHIRO MIFUNE WIELDING HIS SWORD, CUTTING DOWN HIS ATTACKERS

85 EXT. KOKUSAI THEATRE - NIGHT 85

Frank and Rachel exit with a small crowd. Rachel wears a scarf, tinted glasses. The combination goes a long way toward disguising her. They pause at one of the display windows. Inside is a poster for the movie, Yojimbo, a large picture of Toshiro Mifune looking scruffy and fierce.

RACHEL
Well, he didn't look like he wanted to die to me.

FRANK
There's a big difference between wanting to die and having no fear of death.

They walk down the sidewalk.

RACHEL
And because he had no fear of death, he was invincible?

FRANK
What do you think?

RACHEL
Well, he sure creamed 'em all in the end.

FRANK
Yeah, it was a good movie.

They walk off down the sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: 85

FRANK
Yeah, it was a good movie.

They walk off down the sidewalk.

RACHEL
How many times have you seen it?

FRANK
Sixty-two.

86 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 86 (X

It's a bit of a dive, but the food is good and the atmosphere is great.

RACHEL
Your kinda place?

Frank nods.

FRANK
Yeah. (X)

RACHEL
Your kinda music?
(as she smiles)

FRANK
Absolutely. (X)

RACHEL
You figure no one can get by you here?

FRANK
If someone is willing to swap his life for a kill, nothing can stop him.

RACHEL
Great. What do I need you for?

FRANK
He might get me instead.

RACHEL
And you're ready to die for me?

FRANK
That's my job.

Rachel looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: 86

RACHEL
And you'd do it? Why?

FRANK
I can't sing.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: 86

RACHEL
I don't trust discipline. At the crucial moment I'd cop out.

FRANK
That happens.

RACHEL
But not with you, Fierce Frank.

FRANK
It happens.

A beat.

RACHEL
Have you ever liked anybody?

FRANK
What do you mean?

RACHEL
Like me -- a girl.

Frank knows what she's driving at. But he's not at all happy to relinquish this information.

FRANK
A long time ago.

RACHEL
What happened? Do you mind if I ask?

FRANK
Do you mind if I don't answer?

RACHEL
I don't want to pry...

Frank smiles at that.

RACHEL
(begins to laugh, can't help herself)
She didn't die did she? You weren't like... protecting her and she got killed?

Frank is silent, grim. Rachel looks stricken.

RACHEL
Oh, my god! That's it, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (3) 86

RACHEL
(begins to laugh, can't help herself)
She didn't die did she? You weren't like... protecting her and she got killed?

Frank is silent, grim. Rachel looks stricken.

RACHEL
Oh, my god! That's it, isn't it?

FRANK
Nobody's perfect.

Rachel is taken aback.

RACHEL
Oh Frank, I'm Sorry. (X)

Frank laughs.

FRANK
No... Nice try though.
(pause)
It was less dramatic than that. She didn't love me anymore. Can you imagine such a thing?

Frank puts a smiling spin on this last; it's pretty charming. Rachel looks at him.

RACHEL
No, not really.

A SONG comes on the JUKEBOX -- 'WHAT BECOMES OF THE BROKEN HEARTED.' Frank smiles as Rachel begins to sing.

RACHEL
So, is this a full service date, Frank?

Frank's wary.

RACHEL
I'm just asking you to dance.

87 INT. DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT 87

Frank and Rachel navigate a tiny dance floor. Frank is a surprisingly good dancer and is comfortable being this close to her.

Rachel hums softly, picking up the words to the song. As we listen to the lyrics something clicks in her head.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: 87

RACHEL
You like this?

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: ' (2) 87

FRANK
Yeah.

A beat, then Rachel bursts out laughing.

FRANK
(reddening)
What?

RACHEL
(trying to compose herself)
I'm sorry... It's just that... It's (X)
so depressing. (X)

Now they're both laughing.

FRANK
(grinning)
It is, isn't it.

Suddenly a dish drops to the floor. Frank, still dancing, makes a smooth quick turn that puts his body between Rachel and the noise. His head turns to locate the source of the noise.

RACHEL
Don't worry, I'll protect you.

They drift back into the music, Rachel singing, Frank watching.

88 EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT 88

Frank's car is parked in the driveway. A light goes on in a basement window.

89 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT 89

Frank hangs back, drink in hand, as Rachel explores the basement. Frank has fitted it out as a combination gym/target range/weapons workshop. The place has a kind of unfussy order about it, a simplicity.

RACHEL
(almost to herself)
It's very quiet here.

She walks to some shelves -- a random selection of books, football, and karate trophies, framed citations and other memorabilia. She glances at a dusty framed photo of a football team.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: 89

FRANK
End.

RACHEL
Were you tough?

FRANK
No. Fast.

Rachel puts down her drink and moves toward a samurai sword that is mounted in its scabbard on the wall. She looks at it, peering closely.

RACHEL
You some kind of a samurai, too?

Frank smiles.

RACHEL
They said you were in the Secret Service. What made you get out?

Frank moves away and sits on a sofa against the wall.

FRANK
Money.

Rachel looks around at Frank's modest home.

RACHEL
I can see your tastes are extravagant.

She looks at Frank and then back at the sword. She reaches out to touch it.

RACHEL
May I?

Frank nods. Rachel takes it off its mount carefully, unhooks the scabbard and begins to slide it off.

FRANK
Watch yourself.

Rachel slides the scabbard off. The naked blade is breathtaking. Rachel holds the sword out before her. She walks toward Frank, then stops and looks over the blade at him.

RACHEL
You're a hard one to figure, Frank Farmer.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (2) 89

He stares at her. She steps closer, so the blade is only about a foot from his face.

RACHEL
It seems to me a bodyguard must know little peace.

Frank stands up so that the point of the sword is only about an inch from his chest. He reaches out over the blade to Rachel's neck and unties the silk scarf she is wearing there. One hand draws the scarf away. The other hand lingers for a moment on her neck, then lifts away.

FRANK
Watch this.

He has raised the scarf over his head, in the space between them. With two hands he spreads it out and then lets it go. Slowly, billowing, the scarf floats down over the blade and is cut in two. These two pieces float slowly to the floor. (X) (X) (X)

Frank takes Rachel's wrist and moves the sword away to the side. They are both holding it as Rachel presses her body against Frank's and they begin to kiss.

90 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 90

Their lovemaking is INTERCUT with slow motion black and white images of Samurai warriors from the movie, Yojimbo.

91 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER 91

They lie nude under a sheet.

RACHEL
I've never been this safe before.

Frank smiles.

RACHEL
No one could get by you.

FRANK
Right now it might not be so hard.

Rachel laughs, kisses him and buries her head down into his shoulder. Frank stares across the bed at the samurai sword lying on the floor. Some of Rachel's clothing is draped in a heap across it. The torn pieces of her scarf lie nearby. HOLD ON Frank's look.

SHOCK CUT TO:

92 INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING 92

The roller-blind is raised with a sharp, snapping sound. (X)
Frank is moving around the room, getting dressed. Rachel is still in the bed behind him, woken by the noise of his activity.

RACHEL
What? What is it? What are you doing? (X)

Frank keeps moving, looking for his shoes.

RACHEL
Frank? (X)

FRANK
Rachel, I don't want to get confused about what I'm doing here.

RACHEL
I'm not confused.

Frank finds his shoes.

FRANK
You pay me to protect you, that's what I do.

Rachel sits up.

RACHEL
What? Have I done something wrong?

FRANK
No, nothing.

RACHEL
Then what is it?

She lifts the sheet seductively and looks over the top of it.

RACHEL
Do you want me to beg?

FRANK
No, I want you to do without.

She stops.

RACHEL
What's going on, Frank?

FRANK
I want to keep it straight in my head what job I'm doing.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: 92

RACHEL
And what is that exactly? Making me feel like shit?

FRANK
No, I'm sorry. This is my fault. (X)

RACHEL
Don't apologize for godsake. Just tell me what I did. I'm a big girl.

FRANK
You didn't do anything. It was me. (X)
I got involved with my client. (X)

Rachel picks up on the word.

RACHEL
Your "client"?

FRANK
I made a mistake.

RACHEL
What mistake?... You don't find me attractive anymore?

FRANK
Christ! I've told you why. I can't protect you like this.

RACHEL
And what? That's it for me?

FRANK
Yeah...

RACHEL
I don't believe it.

He automatically checks the gun as he slips it into the holster.

FRANK
You can live with that or you can fire me.

RACHEL
But I can't fuck you.

Frank turns and looks at her. This is hard for him, too.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2) 92

RACHEL
I don't believe this.
(beat)
I'm asking you?... Let me tell you...

She stops suddenly and, with a roar of combined frustration, (X)
humiliation and rage, she lurches from the bed in search of (X)
her clothes. Frank shuts his eyes in mortification and pain. (X)

93 EXT. MARRON ESTATE - POOLSIDE - EARLY MORNING 93

A nanny sits in the early morning mist, embroidering. Frank is (X)
kneeling with Fletcher beside the pool. He's putting new batteries into Fletcher's boat. Fletcher watches him as he tears off the wrapping from the batteries, much preoccupied.

FLETCHER
(watching him)
She's real mad at you, isn't she?

Frank stops what he's doing and just looks blankly at the batteries in his hands. There's a beat of silence.

FLETCHER
She told me she doesn't understand why you're so shitty to her...

Frank's shoulders droop and he lets out an imperceptible sigh. He gently resumes fitting the batteries, still not looking at Fletcher. In the quiet of early morning, it's almost like a confessional.

FRANK
I've spent a lot of time learning not to react to things like other people do. It's my job. But it doesn't always work, Fletcher... it doesn't always work.

FLETCHER
I don't think I understand.

FRANK
(looks at him)
I'm an old man compared to you, pal, and I don't understand either. And I'm starting to get the feeling I never will.

There's a crunch of footsteps behind him. He looks around.

With a big flourish, a copy of Daily Variety is put down in front of us, front page upwards.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: 93

NICKI (O.S.)
Ta Da!

Frank takes in that it's Nicki then glances at Variety, lying on the concrete beside him. Splashed across the top, the headlines announce the day's news of the Academy Award nominations. Rachel's name is among the Best Actress nominees. The Hollywood Reporter follows. Frank picks up (X)
Variety and stares at it. Nicki stands beside him with the morning's mail under her arm.

NICKI
(looking at him)
Thought you'd like to know.
Everyone said she was a sure thing.
Of course, you know all about that.

She raises an eyebrow, gives him a look. Frank looks steadily back at her. She drops a small pile of mail beside the magazines... several letters and a small packet. She's embarrassed by Frank's gaze.

NICKI
I'm sorry. That was out of line.
It's none of my business... Here's
today's question marks for you.

She turns and walks briskly back to the house. Frank watches (X)
her go, then looks slowly down to the pile. From across the (X)
pool, Fletcher watches silently, then pushes his boat out into the deep water.

94 INT. SQUIRREL HILL PRODUCTIONS - JANITOR'S ROOM - DAY 94 (X

Frank is investigating the small packet, with a surgeon's (X)
precision, checking it with a stethoscope and a metal (X)
detector, sniffing at it. (X)

It has been addressed in the normal way, except that Rachel's name has been cut out of a magazine and pasted above the address. He begins carefully slicing away the wrapping. (X)
Inside is a cardboard box. The contents are still hidden by (X)
packing paper. He picks it away with tweezers. Suddenly (X)
there is a LOUD BUZZING from the box and movement in the (X)
paper. Frank drops the box into a bed of sand in a sink (X)
surrounded by sandbags. (X)

The movement slows and stops. Frank extracts the item -- it is a wind-up mechanical beaver with a hand-painted sign hung around its neck:

WE LOVE YOU RACHEL
YOUR FANS IN BEAVER, PA.
SALLY AND KATE.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: 94

The beaver's TEETH CLICK in Frank's hand.

We see Frank's face. This may just have taken years off his life. He holds his hand out straight, palm downwards, and looks at it. No tremor. Just checking.

Stein's voice suddenly shouts from the next door office.

STEIN (O.S.)
Farmer! Get in here!

95 INT. SQUIRREL HILL PRODUCTIONS - RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY 95

The office is filled with congratulatory balloons and flowers heralding the morning's news. Stein's secretary is taking congratulatory phone messages at a desk in the b.g. Two assistants are struggling in through the door with a large basketed floral arrangement.

Stein confronts Frank across his desk.

STEIN
Put together a list of your expenses. Your total billing... Let me have it in one hour and I'll see that a check is cut.

FRANK
Don't you ever say what's on your mind?

Stein cannot believe he's being so addressed -- especially in front of the staff. The assistants stop in their tracks and look.

STEIN
(almost shouts)
What's on my mind is that you're fired, Frank. She missed all her interviews yesterday because of your little date. Do you realize she stood up Barbara Walters? First you fuck up her career...

Behind Stein, out of his line of sight, Rachel and Devaney appear in the doorway with more cards. They also stop and listen.

STEIN
... and now you're fucking with her head.

FRANK
That's between us.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: 95

STEIN
You think so? You forget who signs you check. You don't understand the role I play around here. (X)

FRANK
No. I understand. (X)

Stein stiffens, then decides not to take this one on.

STEIN
Get your shit together and be out of here by noon.

DEVANEY
Frank stays.

Stein looks round, sees that Devaney and Rachel have been listening. Rachel is silent. With a curt nod of his head, Stein gestures to the assistants to leave the room. Devaney weighs in again. (X) (X)

DEVANEY
With this high a profile, Rachel needs protection now more than ever. If he goes, you can forget Miami...

STEIN
She's signed the fucking contract, Bill. You want me to read it to you?

Rachel is watching them both.

DEVANEY
Fuck the contract. If he goes, she's not singing a note. It's too dangerous.

STEIN
Oh. 'Fuck the contract.' Great. Why don't you let Rachel speak for herself? I think she has some say in this.

RACHEL
(flatly)
Frank stays.

Stein considers her for a beat, then looks at the others. The secretary interrupts from the back of the office. (X)

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2) 95

SECRETARY (O.S.)
Mr. Schiller calling on line one...

Stein ignores her, still holding his look at Devaney, Rachel and Frank.

STEIN
Well, I guess this is democracy in action.

Rachel nods. Stein, turning to take the call, flashes her a "little boy" look.

STEIN
I gave in. That's not easy for me. (X)
Don't I get a hug? (X)

Rachel is stone-faced. Stein covers by picking up the phone.

STEIN
(into phone)
Yeah?... Sure, put him on... Ben how are you?... uh huh...

Frank and Rachel look at each other in silence.

STEIN
...The Ambassador? What the hell are you trying to pull, Ben? Rachel always gets the Presidential... I don't care what you thought...

Devaney leans to Frank as Stein's conversation continues in the b.g.

DEVANEY
Do you know the Fontainebleau Hotel in Miami Beach? (X)

Frank nods.

DEVANEY
How does the Ambassador Suite compare to the Presidential for us?

Frank thinks only for a moment.

FRANK
It's on the fifteenth floor in the south wing. There's a service elevator right there. Mainly ocean windows. Should be no problem. (X)

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (3) 95

STEIN
(into phone)
... I'm aware of that, Ben, but let me just remind you people that you invited us...

Frank turns toward the door.

RACHEL
(to Frank)
Hang around, Farmer. We might need your vaunted expertise.

She reaches forward and hits a button on Stein's desk, throwing the call onto a speaker.

RACHEL
(sweetly)
Hello, Ben honey.

SCHILLER (V.O.)
Rachel, congratulations, you must be thrilled at the...

RACHEL
(across him)
Ben. I hear you've got me in the annex next to the kitchen.

96 EXT. FONTAINEBLEAU HOTEL (MIAMI BEACH) - HELICOPTER SHOT - DAY 96

We COME STREAKING IN OVER the ocean TOWARD the towering white (X)
Fontainebleau. ON the SOUNDTRACK, we hear JOHN TESH'S VOICE (X)
filling the viewers in on the latest Hollywood dirt.

JOHN TESH (V.O.)
...It's off to ~~Sun City~~ Sunshine State today for
Best Actress ~~nominee~~ Rachel Marron. (X)
Rachel's giving two AIDS charity (X)
concerts this week at Miami's (X)
Fontainebleau Hotel. A thousand a plate no less. And rumor has it that the lovely lady has unseated the governor of Florida himself. Seems there was a showdown on
who'll get to lounge in that big (X)
Fontainebleau penthouse tonight.

As we CIRCLE the top floor, we see a tiny figure on the balcony.

JOHN TESH (V.O.)
Well, sleep tight in the Presidential Suite, Rachel.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN TESH (Cont'd)
Who says a nomination isn't as good as winning...

97 EXT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - BALCONY - DAY 97

Frank looks up at the disappearing helicopter then down over the edge and around the corner. He leans slightly against the wrought iron railing. It sways precariously. Frank catches himself.

FRANK
Thuringer.

Frank kneels and inspects the fixture that anchors it to the cement balcony: the cement crumbles around it, a weld joint is broken on the side. THURINGER, the hotel security chief, joins Frank on the balcony. Frank shakes the railing.

THURINGER
God damn. I'll get someone right on it.

98 INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY 98

Frank walks quickly across the living room of the lavish suite. Two uniformed security guards are making a sweep of the room with POLICE DOGS. Frank checks the drawer of a side (X) table and then seals it with a peel-off security tape. Thuringer is waiting near the entrance hall. Frank nods to him.

FRANK
Okay. Let's go.

99 INT. HALLWAY - 15TH FLOOR - DAY 99 (X

This is a semi-private corridor; Several hotel employees are steam-cleaning the carpet. Frank looks at them, then Thuringer.

THURINGER
It's okay, they've been cleared.

He shows his clip board to Frank. As the two men walk along the corridor, the guest elevator opens and a twelve-year-old boy in a bathing suit (MARK KATZ) steps out, accompanied by his nanny. In the background, hotel security men are checking (X) fire-extinguishers and closets.

THURINGER
(to Frank)
The Katzes of St. Louis. Very prominent. Come every year.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: 99

THURINGER (Cont'd)
An elderly couple and three grandchildren. A nurse and a maid.

They pass the little boy as he reaches the door of the Katz suite with his nanny.

THURINGER
Hi, Mark.

MARK
Hi.

Frank smiles and nods to the nanny.

THURINGER
(to Frank)
Theirs is the only suite on the floor.

The two men reach the service elevator and the emergency exit door at the end of the hall. Frank opens the stairway door and goes inside. Thuringer follows.

THURINGER (X)
As you asked, the rooms below have been kept vacant.

100 INT. STAIRWAY - DAY 100

The doorway closes behind the two men. Frank tries it; it's locked. They continue down the stairs.

101 thru 104 OMITTED 101 thru 104

105 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 105

Frank and Thuringer walk into and along the edge of the busy kitchen.

106 thru 108 OMITTED 106 thru 108

109 INT. OFFSTAGE AREA - DAY 109

Frank walks ahead of Thuringer. He looks around and pauses at the edge of the stage. Then he steps out on a stage. A piano tuner is at work in the corner.

110 INT. ON STAGE - DAY 110

FRANK'S POV -

as he looks at the mammoth room.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: 110

Frank stands center stage and looks around. The nakedness of this spot gets to him. He shakes his head and looks at Thuringer. Thuringer smiles.

FRANK
What a silly job this is.

111 INT. FONTAINEBLEAU HOTEL - LOWER LOBBY - DAY 111 (X

Behind the glass doors that lead to the pool, bright quartz lights click on. A camera crew stands waiting. Someone mimes a "we're rolling" sign with his hands.

Inside Rachel waits with Stein and BEN SCHILLER, the tough, fat fellow who owns the place. Frank is at her elbow.

STEIN
O.K. Rachel. It's showtime! They're rolling. Let's go.

FRANK
Is this really necessary?

STEIN
Yes. It is.

RACHEL
Quit bitching, Farmer. This is the part you do get paid for.

Rachel sweeps out the door. The camera crew hurries to keep up with her.

112 EXT. POOL AREA - DAY 112

This place is crowded with hundreds of guests basking on chaise lounges. A sea of sun-baked faces virtually as far as the eye can see. The sight of the crowd and the presence of the news crew seems to push Rachel to a whole new adrenaline level.

Rachel walks among them, moving swiftly, evaluating the bodies displayed before her in words and expressions, playing to the camera.

RACHEL
Oh my God. Look what they're wearing. Mother, hide your eyes...

Heads turn to look.

RACHEL
I couldn't wear that suit... Honey, you're naked... Of course, if I had a body like that...

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: 112

There is a murmur of recognition from some of the guests. She pauses to shake a hand, and now all the guests throughout the pool area are aware that Rachel Marron is among them.

People stand on chairs, scramble for pens and paper, run to get a closer look. Lounges collapse, drink GLASSES are BROKEN, flower tubs are trampled. A lot of pushing and shoving starts - too much for the video crew, who abandon the filming attempt.

STEIN
Great babe. They got what they needed. Let's get back inside.

Frank increases his pace to keep by Rachel's side, gently easing a path for her. Schiller scurries behind in Frank's wake.

Rachel turns suddenly as a tall good-looking lifeguard appears in the throng. She eyes him appreciatively.

RACHEL
(to lifeguard)
You look like a man of good taste to me. Come to my party tonight.
(to Schiller)
Ben, make sure this boy gets to my party.

Schiller nods. Rachel glances at Frank, making sure he gets the point, and then she's off again. The throng gets tighter. Frank's having to work harder, steering her towards the door back into the hotel. The familiar chant starts up: "Rachel, Rachel." It's starting to resemble the frenzy of the opening scene. This time, amid the thrusting hands and clamoring faces, a few bewildered elderly guests look dazed as they are shoved forward. A child starts crying, lost in the mess of (X)
legs and bermuda shorts. A distraught mother tries to reach (X)
him. Someone is jostled into the pool as the crowd surges again.

Amid the chaos, whistles and scattered applause. Rachel drinks it all in.

RACHEL
(over her shoulder)
Thank you. Thank you. Come tonight and give till it hurts.

With a final surge, Frank makes it to the door with his party. The door closes shut behind them. A mass of distorted faces (X)
pushes onto the glass. The party walks on briskly. (X)

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (2) 112

RACHEL
(to Stein)
I'm beginning to wonder about your judgement, Sy. Why do I have to keep paying my dues if I've already arrived? (X) (X)

STEIN
(very fast)
Kick me, beat me... whatever makes you feel good. But let's not pretend you don't like it. We're too close for that. Whipping people into a frenzy is why you got into it in the first place. (X)

Rachel's eyes lock with Stein's -- there's a real connection and understanding here that she spends a lot of time denying. Frank sees it as clearly as Stein, whose tone becomes almost soothing--

STEIN
And it's nothing to be ashamed of, either, not for a second. It's a gift. and only a handful are given it. Many call but few are answered. Don't fool with the blessing, Rachel. The magic is sustained through its use.

RACHEL
Now you're going to tell me about magic? Give it a rest will ya...

STEIN
I'm done. Not another word...
(a crooked smile)
...I know you like to be reminded sometimes.

Rachel looks away. It's true. He's good at his job.

113 INT. GRAND CENTRAL BALLROOM - ON STAGE - NIGHT 113

In the spotlight, all alone, Rachel Marron works her magic. She sings, as it was meant to be sung, "I Have Nothing."

One person does not look at Rachel. He stands in a corner in front of the stage easily in the shadows. His eyes continually scanning. Picking up every movement. All alone. Watching.

113 INT. GRAND CENTRAL BALLROOM - ON STAGE - NIGHT 113

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113A EXT. FONTAINEBLEAU HOTEL - NIGHT 113A

Fireworks explode over the water.

114 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 114

In the living room, the first night party is in full swing. Crowded. Smoky. Noisy. Fireworks burst outside the windows. People clap.

A mixed bag of upscale partygoers: women in party dresses, men in open shirts, etc. A black pianist is playing. Two bars at either end of the room. Waiters work the room with platters of canapes.

115 INT. RACHEL'S SUITE - OUTSIDE MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 115

Tony sits in a chair watching TV, a drink in his hand, oblivious to it all. The lifeguard shuts Rachel's door behind him and makes his way down to the party. He pauses at the head of the stairs, checking out the party, and grabs a glass of champagne from a passing waiter. Frank catches the movement; the two men briefly lock eyes. The lifeguard responds with a knowing smile.

116 EXT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SUITE - NIGHT 116

Thuringer has set up a checkpoint through which all guests are passing. As they get off the elevator, they walk up to a desk manned by one of Thuringer's uniformed guards. When their names have been checked off a master list, they walk past another guard wielding a metal detector. No one likes it, but they all do it.

Most of the local TV stations have sent camera crews. The handheld cameras move among the guests, their bright lights flaring. FLASHBULBS POP. It's a local media event.

Frank squints as a quartz light shines straight in his face.

A tall, fit, athletic-looking man raises his arms; is cleared by the metal detector. He is GREG PORTMAN.

117 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 117

Portman makes his way through the crowd to the bar. His eyes scan the suite. His gaze settles on Frank checking out the people who filter in. Portman appears next to Frank.

PORTMAN
Hello, Frank.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: 117

PORTMAN
(nods)
Technically I'm off duty, but the Governor may show up here later, so I thought I'd give it a light check.
(smiles)
Someone else is covering him right now.

FRANK
How old is she?

PORTMAN
Maybe eighteen. You working?

Rachel makes her entrance, and poses self-mocking on the landing above the crowd, accepting applause. She has succeeded in under-dressing everyone in the room. She is a star. Frank nods in her direction... that's his client.

PORTMAN
(impressed)
No kidding? I'd call that a step up from the President. Probably sings better too. (X)

RACHEL
Thank you. Thank you. You're so right.

SCATTERED LAUGHS.

RACHEL
I want everyone to have a good time and drink as much of Ben Schiller's liquor as you like.

Rachel descends into the crowd, laughing and blowing kisses.

PORTMAN
Handful.

Frank's look says if you only knew the half of it.

PORTMAN
I heard you had to take someone out in New York.

Frank remembers.

PORTMAN
I lost track of you after the Reagan thing.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (2) 117

FRANK
Yeah.

PORTMAN
It wasn't your fault, Farmer. You weren't even there.

A pause.

PORTMAN
I got a call a couple of months ago. That guy you were covering in New York. He said you'd recommended me.

FRANK
Surprised?

PORTMAN
A little.

FRANK
(smiles)
I never doubted your skills.

PORTMAN
(laughs, good-natured)
No. Only my qualifications for the priesthood. You were always clear about that. Anyway, I appreciate it. I had to turn it down but I appreciate it. (X)

Portman notices Rachel looking at him, as she makes her way to them. Rachel takes Frank's orange juice and sips. Makes a very funny face.

RACHEL
That's orange juice!

Rachel gives Portman an approving once-over.

RACHEL
Who are you?

PORTMAN
Greg Portman.

RACHEL
I take it you've met my bodyguard?

PORTMAN
We used to work together.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (3) 117

RACHEL
(suddenly more interested)
Ah... Well, well, well. And what do you do now? (X)

PORTMAN
Same thing as Farmer.

RACHEL
(looking between them)
Two samurai, eh?

Frank and Portman eye each other.

RACHEL
(to Portman)
Are you working now?

PORTMAN
Not right now.

RACHEL
Good...
(she takes his arm)
'cause I'm the only one in the room who needs protection.

She gives Frank a look and leads Portman into the crowd.

118 EXT. LIVING ROOM BALCONY - LATER 118

Rachel's taking a breather on the balcony, drinking champagne, talking to Portman and another couple. Everybody's high and happy. Conversation bubbles.

FRANK'S POV

Rachel leans into Portman; heads together, they whisper intimately. Rachel laughs, then for a brief moment, turns her head to look directly at Frank. Her look is petulant, defiant. Portman does not see this.

119 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 119

Tony helps himself to a handful of canapes, he turns at the sound of a COMMOTION out on the balcony. Someone's horsing around, spraying champagne from a bottle over everyone. A woman screams. Frank bolts onto the balcony. (X)

120 OMITTED 120

121 EXT. ON BALCONY - NIGHT 121

Rachel and Portman are poised precariously halfway over the railing. Frank's hand shoots out, grabs Rachel's wrist and tugs at the pair of them.

Portman regains his balance first and pulls Rachel back from the edge.

FRANK
What happened?

PORTMAN
Somebody tripped. It's okay.

RACHEL
(looking at Portman)
Thank God I had a bodyguard here.

She grasps the railing and looks over.

RACHEL'S POV

Staring down twenty stories of distance between her and the pool area.

Way, way below her, her champagne GLASS hits the tile with a MUFFLED SHATTERING sound.

RACHEL
It's a long way down, Frank.
(to Portman)
You saved my life.

Frank eyes the newly-welded anchor fixture. It has held.

Rachel takes Portman by the arm. The front of her dress is stained with champagne.

RACHEL
Maybe someone will keep an eye on me while I change.

She leads Portman past Frank and up the stairs toward her bedroom. Frank and Portman lock eyes. Portman shrugs; he feels badly for Frank.

122 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 122

Frank walks to the bar taking a drink from his glass. He looks in the mirror behind the bar and sees Rachel and Portman in the hall outside her bedroom. She turns her head to look directly at Frank's reflected face. Assured that Frank is watching, she takes Portman's hand and leads him into her room.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: 122

Frank sets his glass down and the bartender refills it with orange juice. A stunning WOMAN IN GREEN glides down the bar and stands very close to Frank.

WOMAN IN GREEN
I've been watching you all night from across the room.

FRANK
Why don't you go back there and keep watching?

Frank looks at Rachel's doorway, sipping his juice.

123 INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 123

Rachel and Portman are kissing, with some heat. Portman's hands are starting to explore her body.

124 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 124

Frank still looks at Rachel's doorway, thinking. After a moment, he walks across the room to the sliding doors that lead to the balcony outside.

125 EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT 125

Frank steps outside. No one there. The moonlight reflects off the ocean. The SURF sounds a STEADY BEAT. It is peaceful and quiet. A relief.

On the Katz's balcony, forty feet away, little Mark Katz is leaning against the railing, staring at Rachel's suite. Frank smiles at him.

FRANK
(softly)
Go to sleep.

Frank looks out at the ocean. After a pause, in the background, Mark slips inside the Katz suite.

126 INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM -NIGHT 126

Rachel and Portman are still locked in the clinch. Realizing what she's doing, Rachel suddenly pulls back, catching herself. (X) (X) (X) (X)

RACHEL (X)
I'm not doing this. (X) (X)

PORTMAN (X)
(Still holding in) (X)
I think you are. (X)

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: 126 (X

She stops out of his embrace.

RACHEL
I said I was grateful. Thank you and goodnight.

She looks to the door that leads back to the party. The SOUNDS of CELEBRATION CONTINUE outside. She starts to cross to the door.

RACHEL
(cool)
Please go now.

Portman moves toward her as she opens the door, reaching for her arm. Then he sees, through the doorway, Tony standing in the hall talking to a woman. Tony looks up at the sound of the door and sees them both. Rachel slips quickly out of Portman's grip.

RACHEL
Mr. Portman was just leaving us, Tony.

Portman hesitates, then smiles at Rachel and Tony and, with a quick peck on Rachel's cheek, slips past them back to the party.

Rachel briefly scans the party crowd over Tony's shoulder, but she doesn't see Frank. The door closes, leaving her alone in the room again. She reaches for a bottle of scotch and raises it to her mouth, drinking straight from the bottle.

127 EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT 127

Frank looks out at the ocean.

ECHOING on the soundtrack, we hear the song 'WHAT BECOMES OF THE BROKEN HEARTED' that Rachel and Frank danced to. It sounds slow and sweet and a long way away.

Frank stares out at the ocean. Totally divorced from everything in the suite behind him, in the world around him. There is only the moon and the ocean. For this one moment, his guard is down.

127A INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 127A

A chambermaid is hoovering the floor. Rachel steps out of her bedroom. She looks terrible. Hungover, she is wearing sunglasses and a loose smock. It is noon of the following day.

127A INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 127A

A chambermaid is hoovering the floor. Rachel steps out of her bedroom. She looks terrible. Hungover, she is wearing sunglasses and a loose smock. It is noon of the following day.

128 thru 129 OMITTED 128 thru 129

130 INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - KITCHEN - DAY 130

Frank is sitting at the kitchen table eating a sandwich. Behind him, in the dining room, a Cuban maid has set a place with breakfast. She is pouring orange juice as Rachel walks in.

Rachel sits down at the table as though the walk in had been a terrible effort. She looks at the breakfast with distaste and picks up the coffee. Frank continues to eat. Rachel looks at him.

RACHEL
(nasty)
What the hell are you looking at?
(pause)
You probably never had a heavy night in your whole, goddamn disciplined life.

Frank looks at her, continues to eat.

RACHEL
You know, Farmer, you're a self-righteous son-of-a-bitch.

Frank has to smile at this, which makes Rachel even angrier.

RACHEL
Don't laugh at me, goddamit! And don't you dare judge me.

FRANK
Give me a break, will ya? I didn't tell you to fuck everybody in the hotel!

131 OMITTED 131

132 INT. CLEANING SUPPLY WAREHOUSE - DAY 132 (X

Special Agents Court and Minella are watching the general manager of the supply house as he pries the top off a huge canister marked "INDUSTRIAL DETERGENT." The general manager lifts the lid to reveal white powder.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: 132

He talks animatedly and gestures around the warehouse. Court listens, nodding. Minella spoons some of the powder into a plastic bag and seals it. OVER this we hear Court's voice, filtered as on a telephone line.

COURT (V.O.)
It matches the traces in the glue, Frank. We're getting to him. We're gonna nail this fucker.

133 INT. FONTAINEBLEAU - LOBBY - DAY 133 (X

Frank is on the courtesy phone.

FRANK
Yeah, well, don't take too long, Ray.

COURT
(V.O.)
Hey, Frank. It's good money, isn't it?

Frank hangs up.

134 INT. 20TH FLOOR HALLWAY - OUTSIDE PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY 134 (X

The elevator door opens and Frank steps out. He walks toward the entrance to the suite and is immediately alarmed by what he sees: there is no uniformed guard by the front door. He unlocks the door and goes inside.

135 INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - ENTRANCE - DAY 135 (X

Frank comes in and looks around quickly.

FRANK'S POV - LIVING ROOM

Looking over living room, hallways, balcony. No one in sight. Nothing disturbed.

Devaney comes out of Rachel's bedroom, a panicked look on his face. They face each other across the gulf of the living room.

FRANK
Where is she? Where's Tony?

DEVANEY
I don't know. I thought you were with her.

136 thru 137 OMITTED 136 thru 137

138 INT. SUITE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 138 (X

Frank is at the telephone; he punches out three numbers.

FRANK
(into phone)
Thuringer, this is Farmer. Where's your man on the door to the suite?
(listens)
Well get someone up here.

Frank hangs up the phone, looks at Devaney.

FRANK
He doesn't know.

They look at each other, worried. Frank walks out onto the balcony, looks round and down, comes back in. He heads for the front door.

DEVANEY
Where are you going?

139 INT. SUITE - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 139 (X

Frank is almost at the door. We hear LAUGHTER. A key turns in the lock. Rachel and Tony come through the door in high spirits, their arms full of shopping bags and packages.

Frank stops dead and watches. Rachel glances at him and goes into the living room. Tony looks at him meaningfully and follows. Frank reflects for a moment, then pulls the front door closed, oh so gently.

140 INT. SUITE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 140 (X

Rachel drops packages around and goes to the bar, pours herself a drink. Tony takes some packages to Rachel's bedroom.

RACHEL
Hello, Devaney.

DEVANEY
Rachel, where the hell have you been?

RACHEL
Tony and I went over to Bal Harbour. Did a little shopping.

Tony comes back, a smile playing across his lips. Frank watches near the entrance.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: 140

DEVANEY
We were worried.
(looks at Frank, talks to Rachel)
You know you're not supposed to do that.

Frank and Rachel look at each other.

RACHEL
Farmer, you work here! Do you understand that?. You work for me.

DEVANEY
Rachel.

Frank turns and heads for the door. Devaney looks at him anxiously.

DEVANEY
Farmer, where are you going?

FRANK
I'm gonna check the route. As usual.

He opens the front door. A uniformed guard is standing outside. Frank goes out and closes the door.

RACHEL
Did Fletcher call?

Devaney, staring after Frank, shakes his head "no."

141 INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - DAY 141 (X

Frank's face shows the tension and the anger. The elevator descends.

141A INT. KITCHEN - DAY 141A (X

Frank walks along the edge of the kitchen, looks over the workers. A kitchen worker is in Frank's path. He looks up, sees Frank's face and scurries out of his way.

142 INT. BASEMENT - SERVICE CORRIDOR - DAY 142 (X

Frank walks along checking the corridor. At each doorway, he stops, looks inside.

One room is dark. He flicks on the light. Near the door is a pile of wooden crates, placed unnaturally out from the wall. Frank walks over and looks inside. They are discarded vegetable crates. Frank goes back to the door and yells toward the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: 142

An ENORMOUS CUBAN is sitting on some boxes in the shadows. He doesn't bat an eye when he sees Frank. (X)

FRANK
What are you doing?

ENORMOUS CUBAN
Is none of you fuckin' business.

FRANK
Move it.

The Enormous Cuban gets slowly up from the boxes. He towers over Frank.

ENORMOUS CUBAN
Shove it up you ass, motherfucker.

Frank has had enough for one afternoon. He hits the Cuban low and hard. The man crumbles forward, hurt, but manages to enfold Frank in an awesome bear hug. His weight carries them backward in Frank's direction.

The Cuban continues moving in that direction, but Frank is no longer in his grasp. Instead, incredibly, Frank seems to have passed through the man's body and flicked him into the corner of the stairwell.

The Cuban hits the wall hard. Jarred but not lost, he comes up and out wielding a long mop as if it were a baseball bat.

Frank steps in and under the man's long arms and hits him four times around the chest and jaw. Each of Frank's hands lands twice, their movement is barely visible. The solid THUDDING tells the story. Frank strikes both the Cuban's ears simultaneously with cupped hands. (X) (X)

The Cuban goes down, stunned. Frank, his expression fierce, is upon him immediately. Frank's arms entwine the Cuban's and he begins to lift him roughly. At the end of the corridor, a woman screams. (X) (X) (X)

CLEANING WOMAN
Stop! Please. Don't hurt him.
Please stop.

Frank looks up. A hotel CLEANING WOMAN, carrying her purse, is running towards them, tears already on her face. (X) (X)

CLEANING WOMAN
Don't hurt my husband, mister. He
not up to nothing.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: (2) 142

Frank lets the Cuban down gently and stands up. Disgusted with himself. Breathing hard, he leans back against the wall. The Cleaning Woman falls to her knees and hugs her husband protectively.

FRANK
I'm sorry.

Frank steps away, rubs a hand through his hair, tries to collect himself. (X)

He's standing amidst dumpsters and discarded food boxes. He looks up and sees a marquee.

RACHEL MARRON. TONITE. BENEFIT CONCERT. 8 P.M.

143 thru 145 OMITTED 143 thru 145

145A INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 145A

Rachel is seated at her dressing table applying her makeup for the evening's performance. The telephone RINGS as she begins to work on her hair.

RACHEL
Fletcher?

No response.

RACHEL
Baby, is that you? It's mommy, honey.

DAN (V.O.)
(eerily distorted)
Guess again, whore! Fuck you and (X)
fuck Miami. I'm coming for you. (X)
I know where you are and I'm coming (X)
for you.... (X)

Rachel is paralyzed by fear, unable to hang up the phone.

146 INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 146

Frank comes in the front door. He's had it. Devaney, who has been sitting alone in the living room, stubs out a cigarette and stands to meet him. Frank doesn't pause.

FRANK
I'm through. I'll get you back to L.A., and that's it. The guy with Fletcher can cover you till you get a replacement.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: 146

DEVANEY
She got another call, while you were downstairs and she answered it herself. It was <u>him</u>, Frank. Same guy.

FRANK
(moving toward balcony)
I don't care.

DEVANEY
Farmer, it really shook her up. She thought it was going to be Fletcher calling her from L.A. I think she'll be reasonable now... (X)

FRANK
(across him) (X)
Save it, Devaney. The people who hire me don't have to be convinced to save their own lives.

Frank reaches the sliding door that leads to the balcony.

FRANK
Call me when she's ready to go down.

DEVANEY
Farmer --

Frank goes out on the balcony and slides the door closed behind him.

147 EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT 147

Frank looks out at the ocean. The breeze washes over his face. A huge brightly-lit yacht is sailing by, close to shore. Frank looks at it reflectively.

He senses another presence and looks to his right. Rachel sits huddled in a balcony chair. The bright moonlight illuminates her as she looks out to sea. She is wearing one of her spectacular show gowns, her hair has been brushed, and her stage makeup has been applied. But tonight it hasn't come together. It doesn't work. She holds a cigarette and the breeze keeps it glowing. This is the only time we've seen her smoke.

RACHEL
Farmer... Nothing that's happened between us matters... I understand now... You're going to have to believe me, because I'm not going to beg.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED: (2) 147

But tonight it hasn't come together. It doesn't work. She holds a cigarette and the breeze keeps it glowing. This is the only time we've seen her smoke.

RACHEL
Farmer... Nothing that's happened between us matters... I understand now... You're going to have to believe me, because I'm not going to beg.

She takes a long drag on her cigarette.

RACHEL
It wasn't what he said... it was the way he said it... he was so...

Her voice cracks. She stops and tries to compose herself.

RACHEL
I need you... I'm afraid... and I hate it. I hate my fear.
(a beat)
Please protect me... Protect Fletcher... If anything happened to him...

Frank looks at her. Tears are destroying her elaborate stage makeup. She wipes them away with her hand.

FRANK
I can't protect you like this. It's impossible. The odds are on his side.

RACHEL
I'll do whatever you say.

This is the first time Frank has ever heard Rachel say that. He studies her, then looks out at the ocean.

FRANK
I want to take you away for a while.

Rachel nods.

FRANK
Somewhere people don't know about.

She nods again, agreeing.

FRANK
No Spector or Devaney or Tony. (X)

(CONTINUED)

148 EXT. HERB FARMER'S HOUSE (BEND, OREGON) - LAKE SIDE - DAY 148

A large, old two-story house sits at the top of a slight rise, surrounded on three sides by thick, rolling woods. Sloping gently down from the house to the lake fifty yards away is a broad expanse of lawn. Snow lies on the ground and in the trees. At the edge of the lake, a dock and boathouse. An entrance road cuts out of the trees.

A little TERRIER skitters to the edge of the drive BARKING.

A van emerges from the trees, tires crunching through the snow.

Frank's father, HERB, steps onto the front porch. He's in his mid-60's, lean, tan, and fit. He's wearing a plaid shirt, jeans and cowboy boots.

The van stops in front of the house. Frank steps out from the driver's seat and eyes his dad.

FRANK
Lake's a little low.

HERB
Fill up soon enough when she thaws.
(glancing at the van)
They all in trouble?

FRANK
Just one.

149 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 149

Herb squats on the floor with Fletcher. Together, they are happily playing around with the fluffy terrier. Fletcher squeals with delight as the dog licks his face.

Henry brings the remaining luggage through. Rachel and Nicki stand with Frank near the archway. All eyes are on Fletcher, Herb and the dog. Rachel eyes the dog skeptically.

RACHEL
That's going to protect us?

FRANK
He's a trained noisemaker.

RACHEL
Terrific.

FRANK
I don't like big dogs. They don't know who they're eating.

150 INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON 150

Herb stands beside a butcher block, cutting vegetables for the evening meal with a practiced hand. Rachel watches, drink in hand, looking around the kitchen. It has been neatly organized.

HERB
Katherine had this place organized just the way she wanted it.
(seeing her questioning look)
Frank's momma.

There's the COUGH and SPUTTER of an outboard MOTOR from outside. Rachel looks from the kitchen window and sees Fletcher and Frank in the small skiff by the dock.

Fletcher tugs again on the starter cord. At the third tug he tumbles backwards onto the seat.

RACHEL
Fletcher doesn't swim well.

HERB
I guess he'd better stay in the boat then.
(his smile puts her at ease)
Frank tells me you're a singer.

RACHEL
That's right.

HERB
I'm afraid we're a little out of touch here. I'm sorry.

Rachel waves this off.

HERB
You must be very successful to need Frank.

Rachel smiles and looks out the window.

RACHEL
It's so quiet here.

HERB (X)
Frank came back and stayed six (X)
months after the Reagan thing. (X)

Rachel's questioning look encourages Herb.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: 150

RACHEL
It's so quiet here.

HERB
Frank came back and stayed six months after the Reagan thing.

Rachel's questioning look encourages Herb.

HERB
Frank wasn't there the day he was shot. He never got over that.
(a long pause)
We buried Katherine that day.

Rachel looks out again at Frank and Fletcher in the boat.

151 EXT. ON LAKE - SUNSET 151

Fletcher, Rachel, and Frank are chugging across the golden water in the skiff. Fletcher sits at the back, operating the outboard, controlling the movements of the boat. He wears a life vest. Rachel watches him proudly. Fletcher locks the throttle into place and takes his hands off it for a laughing moment with a "Look, Mom, no hands" gesture.

Rachel looks to Frank and smiles, the wind blowing her hair.

WIDE ON LAKE - DUSK

CAMERA is DOWN at water level by the lake's edge. In the distance, the small boat skims across the surface. A light mist is coming up.

152 EXT. BOATHOUSE - DUSK 152

Henry helps Frank tie up the boat for the night. It is much foggier now and almost dark.

FRANK
I don't want anyone going out in it until you've checked it over first. (X)
Okay? Everytime. (X)

Henry nods.

HENRY
Everytime. (X)

FRANK
Everytime. (X)

In the distance, Rachel and Fletcher have just reached the house where Nicki scoops up Fletcher and spins him round and round in a circle. She hugs him close and kisses his hair.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: 152

After a few moments, Fletcher squirms free and runs to catch up with Rachel.

153 CONTINUED: 153

We see the history of the family in the pictures; Frank as a ten-year-old baseball player with a younger Herb; Herb as Police Chief of Bend, Oregon, being given a civic award; Frank as a college football wide receiver; Herb and Katherine Farmer, all dressed up and being introduced to Jimmy Carter by Frank; the picture-perfect family home in Oregon with Katherine tending flowers.

Rachel notices a photo of a smiling Henry Kissinger, talking to some female reporters. There, standing shoulder-to-shoulder with him, are Frank and Portman. Portman's also smiling at the women, flirting. Frank is in a familiar pose, (X)
alert, unsmiling, vigilant. Rachel looks at the two of them (X)
for a second.

Frank steps from the kitchen with an orange juice and a drink for Rachel in his hand. He watches her for a moment as she studies the photo.

She turns and sees him. They lock eyes for several seconds. She smiles as he hands her the drink.

FRANK
(inclining his head toward the photo)
Portman sometimes had trouble remembering what his job was. Supper's ready.

We can see from Rachel's face that she feels embarassed about (X)
her behavior in Miami. (X)

154 INT. DINING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT 154

The meal has been enthusiastically consumed. Fletcher's manhandling a chicken leg, his face covered with crumbs and drippings. Rachel shakes her head, laughing.

HERB
... And I never hit him. Ever. To this day.
(to Frank)
That's true, isn't it?
(to Rachel)
That's very unusual for my people. So what hapens? When he's ten years old, he complains about it? Can you believe that?

FRANK
Oh, for Chrissake! I'm going to tell her about the time you stripped in court.

Frank gets up smiling and takes some dishes into the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED: 154

HERB
(to Frank)
I don't care. I'm proud of that.
(to Rachel)
Anyway, he's ten years old and he's just started playing tackle football. He comes to me and tells me he's afraid of getting hit, right? And he thinks it's because I never hit him. 'Why don't you ever hit me?' he says to me!

155 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 155

Frank puts down the dishes in the darkened kitchen.

FRANK
(back over his shoulder)
If you're lucky, maybe he'll tell you about my first jockstrap.

As he speaks, he peers out through the window at the lake. We hear Herb's voice continue from the other room.

HERB (O.S.)
He got over it: Turned into a helluva wide receiver. He couldn't stand being afraid. When he found something that scared him, he'd just do it 'til the fear went away.

156 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT 156

HERB
His mother was the same way.

Rachel smiles at him, thinking, then looks through at Frank in the kitchen, still peering out of the windows. Nicki watches Rachel.

157 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER 157

Herb delicately lifts a chessboard from the top of a cabinet and walks it over to the table: A half-finished game. He leans over and blows on the pieces -- sending a small cloud of dust into the air.

HERB
Come on, son, you can run but you can't hide.

Herb pulls up a chair and smiles as Frank appears from the kitchen, a bowl of popcorn in his hand. Frank takes a place across from his dad by the fire. The others gather round.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED: 157

HERB
Your move.

Frank studies the board. Rachel lowers her head into a cupped hand, fascinated.

RACHEL
How long has this game been going on?

Frank picks up a knight, thinks, sets it back down.

FRANK
Three years.

Nicki takes the bowl of popcorn and squats down with it beside Fletcher. Fletcher peers intently at the board as he chews on a handful.

HERB
He had me on the run there that first year.

Frank picks up his rook, scratches his forehead with it. He turns to Fletcher.

FRANK
What do you think?

Fletcher finishes a mouthful of popcorn, wipes his mouth.

FLETCHER
Knight to king-four.

Frank, Herbert and Rachel turn in synch and stare at the boy.

FRANK
City kid.

Herb pats his leg, gesturing to Fletcher to take a place on his lap.

HERB
Come over here, Fletcher, sit by me.

Fletcher goes over and joins him.

RACHEL
Well, that's it for me, I'm going to bed.

She rises. Frank follows her up the stairs. Nicki watches them go.

158 INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT 158

Frank stops at the end of the hallway, checking the lock on the window, the little terrier is at his heels. Rachel pauses outside the door. Frank gestures for the dog to stay. The dog sits in the middle of the hallway looking from one to the other. For a few seconds neither speaks.

Frank smiles.

FRANK
Good night, Rachel.

Rachel accepts this. She smiles in return and touches him on the arm, very tenderly.

RACHEL
Good night, Frank.

Rachel turns, goes to her room and closes the door.

159 EXT. FARMER HOUSE - NIGHT 159

Details are barely distinguishable in the fog. We hear the gentle LAPPING of the LAKEWATER against the dock.

160 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 160

Fletcher is asleep, snuggled on Herb's lap by the fire. Herb is also asleep. Frank fetches a blanket and gently covers them both. He puts out the light.

161 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 161

Frank steps quietly into the hall. Nicki is standing in the shadows. She watches as Frank goes through the ritual of locking the front door, several ways.

NICKI
(softly)
You're very thorough.

VARIOUS SHOTS - AROUND INTERIOR

Frank makes a circuit through the rooms of the first floor, checking windows and doors. Nicki tags along.

NICKI
What's happening between you and Rachel?

Frank glances at her.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: 161

NICKI
Come on. One minute she's got magnetic hands, the next she hates you. I can't figure out what it is <u>now</u>.

FRANK
You follow all her moves this closely?

NICKI
(smiling)
It's a living.

FRANK
No, it isn't.

He moves away into the next room. She hesitates a moment, then follows.

NICKI
You think my life is pretty sickly, don't you?

FRANK
No.

NICKI
You must. I do.

Frank steps into a tight, dark, little window alcove, checks the windows.

FRANK
Why don't you change it?

NICKI
Is it that easy?

Frank turns from the window to find Nicki blocking his exit. She moves close to him and kisses him, her hands on his shoulders. The kiss ends and they look at each other.

FRANK
You're a lovely woman.

NICKI
But you don't want me.

Frank's looks affirms it. Nicki is embarrassed, angry.

NICKI
I'm surprised. Thorough fellow like you. Why stop at one sister when you can fuck them both?

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: (2) 161

FRANK
I make my mistakes.

NICKI
But you didn't say no to the boss.

She starts to turn away from him, but his hands are on her now, holding her close, refusing to let her turn away. Their faces are very close. It is tight and near here.

FRANK
(with force)
No, don't go away, Nicki. Don't leave me with that. Tell me about it. Tell me how long you've been (X)
second. Tell me how she has a (X)
child and you don't. Tell me (X)
something. But don't turn away and (X)
try to stick it on me. (X)

Nicki twists in his grip. He holds her tight.

NICKI
I don't need this from you.

FRANK
Maybe I need it. I'm fed up with (X)
people telling me they have no (X)
control over their lives. If you (X)
hate your life so much, turn it (X)
around. (X)

NICKI
It's not so simple.

FRANK
Yes it is. You can walk out that fucking door anytime you want. I'll unlock it for you.

Nicki looks up into his face. Tears start in her eyes.

NICKI
Let me go.

He releases her, looks at her.

FRANK
Okay. It's not my business.

He moves away, OUT OF FRAME. We HOLD ON Nicki, a long time.

162 EXT. LAKE - DAY 162 (X

Bright sun. Frank and his father walk along the lake shoreline, stooping here and there to finger animal prints in the snow and mud. (X)

FRANK (X)
Raccoon... deer...? (X)
(X)
Herb nods. (X)

Their attention is drawn to soft singing up by the house.

162A EXT. PORCH - DAY 162A (X

Nicki absently sings an old gospel tune as she tosses breakfast scraps to a group of hungry ducks gathered by the porch.

162B EXT. LAKE - DAY 162B

HERB
I've never heard church music in the middle of the week before.

162C EXT. PORCH - DAY 162C

Nicki's soft voice is joined by Rachel's strong harmony, and the two men watch as Rachel comes out to join her sister on the porch, startling Nicki. Both sing for a moment, together. Then Nicki stops, embarrassed. Rachel gives her a hug.

162D EXT. LAKE - DAY 162D

Herb and Frank are about to return to the house. They stop (X)
short. There, at their feet, is a line of human foot prints, (X)
from heavy snow boots, leading away into the trees. Frank (X)
looks at Herb, suddenly alert. (X)

FRANK
Where's Fletcher?

Henry appears at the porch of the house, carrying a fishing (X)
rod as he comes out. At that instant, the sound of the (X)
OUTBOARD MOTOR CRACKLES through the air. Frank's head snaps toward the boathouse. Henry, in the distance, looks quickly at the boathouse, then to Frank.

HENRY
(shouting)
Frank! I haven't...

But Frank is already moving, leaping from the porch and starting to run flat out toward the boathouse and the dock.

Rachel turns to look.

(CONTINUED)

162D CONTINUED: 162D

The skiff appears out of the boathouse, Fletcher at the motor, the boat's lone occupant. The boat moves slowly away from the boathouse, parallel to the dock.

Frank is running toward the water with everything he's got, his face contorted. The sound of the OUTBOARD drowns out his voice as he yells.

FRANK
Fletcher! Fletcher!

IN BOAT

Fletcher, intent on his piloting, neither hears nor sees Frank running down the lawn behind him. The boat is approaching the end of the dock.

DOCK

Frank finally makes it to the dock and continues to sprint after the boat. His weight rattles the boards as he runs.

IN BOAT

Fletcher passes the end of the dock and give the throttle a little twist.

DOCK

Frank reaches the end of the dock at a full run and dives directly at the rear of the moving boat. Frank's body flies out over the boat. He knocks Fletcher out his seat and into the water on the other side of the skiff.

RACHEL
(screams)
No! He can't swim!

IN WATER

Frank holds the terrified, shaking Fletcher in his arms. Fletcher begins to cry. Frank paddles with him toward the dock. The empty boat swerves, then continues out toward the center of the lake.

DOCK

Henry and Rachel are already at the end of the dock. Nicki and Herb are running toward it. Rachel is livid, hysterical. Henry peers out at the boat, which continues to bounce innocently across the water, defining a broad curve.

RACHEL
Fletcher, baby. Are you all right?
Baby.

(CONTINUED)

162D CONTINUED: (2) 162D

Fletcher, sputtering, is handed up to Rachel by Frank. Rachel hugs Fletcher to her. Herb bends down to check if he's breathing properly, wrapping the boy in his jacket.

HERB
He's all right.

Henry helps Frank up out of the water. Frank sits on the end of the dock, breathing hard.

RACHEL
What are you doing? You're out of (X)
your mind. You're crazy! (X)
(to Fletcher)
You're all right, baby.
(back to Frank)
You could have drowned him!

Frank and Henry look out toward the boat which has come to a (X)
stop out in the middle of the lake. (X)
(X)

FRANK (X)
I'm sorry. I got careless. (X)

Henry looks at Frank. He feels terrible about not checking the boat.

HENRY
Frank, I'm sorry. I should have... (X)

HERB
It's okay, Henry.

Herb puts his hand on Fletcher's head.

HERB
You all right now, son?

Fletcher nods, his crying ends raggedly. Frank begins to stand up.

HENRY (X)
How do we get the boat back? (X)

Out on the center of the lake, the BOAT BLOWS UP. Everyone on the dock jumps.

Nicki screams.

Frank sits down again. He shakes his head. On an impulse, he stretches out his hand, palm downward. It's trembling slightly.

162E INT. BEDROOM - DAY 162E

Rachel and Nicki hurriedly pack their bags. Fletcher hovers nearby. (X)

162F EXT. SHED\GARAGE - DAY 162F (X

Frank slides out from under the van. The hood is up. Henry stands nearby. Frank goes to the drivers seat.

FRANK
(to Henry)
Back off.

Henry moves away from the van. Frank inserts the key in the ignition.

162G EXT. PORCH - DAY 162G (X

Herb comes out of the house, fast. His eyes scan the woods as he heads towards the shed.

HERB
Frank!

Henry turns and motions to Herb to stay away.

162H INT. VAN - DAY 162H (X

Frank takes a moment, then turns the key. Nothing. The car is dead.

162I EXT. LAWN - DAY 162I (X

Henry and Herb watch. Frank gets out of the van. He walks to Herb.

HERB
Someone's cut the phone lines. It could be anywhere between here and town.

FRANK
Both the cars are dead. And I can't see how it was done.

Frank and Herb exchange a look.

FRANK
Who could know we're here? This place has nothing to do with her.

HERB
Maybe it has to do with you.

Frank looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

162I CONTINUED: 162I (X

HERB (X)
We can't walk out of here at night (X)
with them. (X)
(X)
Frank shakes his head. (X)
(X)
FRANK (X)
We'll button down tonight and walk (X)
out ~~in the morning.~~ at first light (X)
(X)

162J EXT. FARMER HOUSE - NIGHT 162J (X
(X)
There is a light ground-mist. The moon shines down brightly (X)
but the house is totally dark. (X)
(X)

162K INT. HOUSE - MONTAGE - NIGHT 162K (X
(X)
The terrier dog listens in the upstairs hallway. Herb watches (X)
from an upstairs window. Rachel lies in bed, clutching (X)
Fletcher tightly. (X)

163 OMITTED 163

164 INT. LIVING ROOM - MIDDLE OF NIGHT 164

Frank has been sitting in a chair in the center of the living room for two hours. Listening. Now we listen with him. At first it seems silent, but slowly we become aware of a subtle symphony of sounds. An old house surrounded by WOODS. There are lots of NOISES. But they are regular, innocent.

Frank is aware of a new noise, a gentle sobbing coming from (X)
nearby. He picks up his gun from the table beside him and (X)
goes into the kitchen. (X)

165 OMITTED 165

166 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 166 (X

Nicki is sitting with her head in her hands at the kitchen (X)
table, sobbing. There's a nearly empty bottle beside her. (X)
Frank is instantly on the alert but makes no sign. (X)

NICKI
(crying) (X)
I was an idiot last night.

There is a long pause.

NICKI
What do you think about today?

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: 166

NICKI
(crying)
I was an idiot last night.

There is a long pause.

NICKI
What do you think about today?

FRANK
(gently)
I think this is no maniac. He knows what he's doing.

There is a long, long silence. Nicki continues crying. Finally --

NICKI
You're right. He does. (X)

FRANK
Tell me about it.

She doesn't reply.

FRANK
Who is it, Nicki?

NICKI
He almost got Fletcher today...

FRANK
How do we stop him?

NICKI
...my darling Fletcher...

FRANK
Who is it?

NICKI
I don't know. I don't know.

Frank goes to her, treats her gently, like a doctor.

FRANK
You can call him off.

NICKI
(shaking her head)
He doesn't even know who hired him. He doesn't know who I am and I don't know who he is.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: (2) 166 (X

NICKI
...I went to a bar in East L.A. I asked around... I talked to a man...

FRANK
Name?

NICKI
(vague)
...Armando... He arranged it. That's all I know...

FRANK
Is it all paid for?

NICKI
(nods)
...and then some... Till it's done.

FRANK
He keeps going until he kills her?

Nicki nods again, lowering her face into her hands.

FRANK
What's the name of the bar?

NICKI
I'm not sure... I was very stoned.

FRANK
How 'bout the letters?

NICKI
(desperately)
No, no. You don't understand. The letters came first. I don't know who's sending them... but they're reading my mind... Those were my thoughts. I hate her. It made me think I could do it... But I could never hurt Fletcher. Never.
(begging him)
You've got to stop it!

FRANK
We will. You and me. Tomorrow we're going back to L.A. We're going to find the bar, we're going to find Armando.

He starts to rise. She stops him.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: (3) 166 (X

NICKI
Don't you even want to know why?

FRANK
You told me. She has everything.

Frank stands up and begins to move across the room. Nicki puts her face in her hands and is silent for a moment. Suddenly, Frank freezes, listening.

NICKI
What if we can't --

Frank motions her into silence. We strain to hear what Frank hears. Silently, Frank goes to the door, crouching. He listens. There is a DISTANT growl from the dog upstairs.

Frank lifts his gun from the table, turns to Nicki.

FRANK
Stay here. Don't move.

Nicki's face shows true terror.

Frank is out of the door.

167 OMITTED 167

168 INT. STAIRS - NIGHT 168

Frank runs up them fast. Two at a time.

169 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT 169 (X

Frank travels close to the wall, very quickly. He stops, listens. The terrier looks at Frank but still growls.

Frank throws open Rachel's door. Rachel gasps in suprise and clutches at Fletcher. Frank hears a noise behind him, whirls round him and drops to a knee, weapon ready to fire!

It's Herb, stepping out of his room, carrying a police-issue pistol.

HERB
It's me!

Rachel's voice comes from her room.

RACHEL
(O.S.)
What's happening?

The terrier suddendly starts barking loudly.

170 OMITTED 170 (X (X)

171 INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - POV - MOVING SHOT - NIGHT 171 (X (X)

We're in someone's POV moving along the hallway. Nicki steps out of the kitchen a few feet ahead and looks in terror toward the camera. (X) (X) (X) (X)

NICKI (X)
No, no... stop... I'm the one who... (X) (X) (X) (X)

172 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT 172 (X (X)

Frank and Herb spin around. Rachel calls from her room. (X) (X) (X)

RACHEL (X)
Frank? (X) (X)

172A INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT 172A (X (X)

A GUNSHOT BLASTS Nicki agains the wall, her hand still delicately raised in a classic gesture of restraint. (X) (X) (X)

172B INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT 172B (X (X)

Frank's head spins to Rachel's doorway, then immediately back to Herb. He starts to move towards the stairs, fast. (X) (X) (X) (X)

FRANK (X)
(to Herb) (X)
Stay with Rachel! (X) (X)

Henry's head appears round the doorway of Herb's room. (X) (X)

173 INT. STAIRS - NIGHT 173 (X (X)

Frank is rapidly down the stairs, gun in hand. (X) (X)

173A INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT 173A (X (X)

Frank finds Nicki's body slumped against the wall. He checks her. She's dead. The door beyond is open. The wind blows in. Outside it's foggy. (X) (X) (X) (X) (X)

FRANK (X)
(yelling) (X)
Dad? (X) (X)

HERB (X)
(O.S.) (X)
We're O.K.! (X) (X)

FRANK (X)
Stay with Rachel! (X)

(CONTINUED)

173A CONTINUED: 173A (X (X)

The dog continues to bark upstairs. Frank sees a slight (X) movement outside a window to his right. A split-second moment (X) of decision. He heads off rapidly down the hall, away from (X) the open door. (X) (X)

174 OMITTED 174 (X (X)

175 EXT. FARMER HOUSE - NIGHT 175 (X (X)

The fog is thick. Frank swiftly emerges from the back door (X) and stops, dead still, listening. There is only the RUSTLING (X) OF TREES. (X)

175A INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 175A

Herb is by Rachel's bed.

RACHEL
What's happening? Where's Nicki?

HERB
Be quiet!

175B EXT. FARMER HOUSE - NIGHT 175B

Frank listens. Suddenly he hears RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, a body breaking through the bushes. Frank heads off towards the sound at a run.

176 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 176

INTERCUT -- FRANK AND FIGURE

They move fitfully through the eerie, beautiful scene. In and out of the fog. Stop, listen, wait, go. Two wary, interchangeable animals. Frank disappears into the fog. When the figure reappears, Frank is moving faster, closing the gap.

The figure, seen in CLOSEUP for the first time, is wearing a (X) dark-colored ski mask. His breath billows out of the mouth (X) hole, whitening in the cool March air. He hears Frank (X) APPROACHING and points his gun in the direction of the (X) FOOTSTEPS. He does not fire. SILENCE. (X)

Frank stops and rests on his haunches. Listening, he hears (X) the intruder move. The sounds have stoppped up ahead. Close. (X)

The figure peers into the fog, gun up. He's ready, confident. He waits. Nothing.

Frank, from his crouch, does something brand-new. He raises his gun into the fog in a two-handed grip, ready to fire. He holds it easily. And then he does something really strange: Frank closes his eyes. After a beat, we hear MOVEMENT.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED: 176

Frank, eyes still closed, swings his gun 15 degrees and FIRES TWO BLASTS.

The man jumps away from a small tree that has splintered six inches from his shoulder. His eyes are wild behind his ski mask. Frightened, he suddenly crashes away in the opposite direction. We FOLLOW. There is ANOTHER SHOT from Frank very close to the man. (X)

176A INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 176A

Herb is at the window. There is anguish on his face as he hears the shots. He wants to go to his son's aid but knows he cannot leave Rachel.

Rachel and Fletcher are huddled in the bed, terrified. Fletcher clutches at the dog, which is still barking. Henry stands by the bed, gun in hand.

176B EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 176B

Frank moves quickly through the woods, passes the splintered tree. We STAY WITH him and hear the ENGINE of a CAR ROAR to life and TIRES PEEL OUT of the dirt. Frank breaks out of the woods in time to see the red lights at the back of the car as it fishtails around a bend. He EMPTIES his GUN at it. We hear GLASS SHATTERING, but the car keeps going.

176C INT. PHONE BOOTH - COUNTRY ROAD - EARLY MORNING 176C

Snow is falling. In the background we see the flashing lights of a police car. Frank is on the phone to Minella. (X)

MINELLA (V.O.)
But, Frank, this doesn't make sense...

FRANK
What do you mean?

MINELLA (V.O.)
We already got him.

FRANK
What? Where?

177 thru 178 OMITTED 177 thru 178 (X)

179 INT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS (LOS ANGELES) - EARLY MORNING 179 (X)

Minella is talking with Frank on the phone. He's looking into an observation room through a one-way window. (X)

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED: 179 (X

MINELLA (X)
Here, last night. You should see his locker, Frank. The guy's obsessed with Rachel Marron... (X)

FRANK
You're sure it's him?

MINELLA
Forensic say it's 100 percent positive I.D... And he's got a black Toyota 4 X 4. Ray's with him now. (X)

MINELLA'S POV

Sitting in the observation room at a table talking to Ray Court is Dan. He looks frightened and confused.

179A INT. PHONE BOOTH - COUNTRY ROAD - EARLY MORNING 179A (X

FRANK
Well, whoever you got down there wasn't here last night. This was a professional...

MINELLA (V.O.)
This is crazy... What do you want to do, Frank? (X) (X)

FRANK
How long can you keep him? (X) (X)

MINELLA (V.O.) (X)
Well technically all he's done is write some letters. 48 hours maximum. You know the deal. (X) (X) (X) (X)

180 OMITTED 180

181 EXT. MARRON MANSION - DRIVEWAY - DAY 181

Rachel's black limousine moves slowly up the winding drive, followed by a black Mercedes limousine. Behind the cars, the gates close on a large press contingent gathered outside, held back by a large number of police and security guards. A light drizzle is falling.

The two cars pull up to the entrance, Henry at the wheel of Rachel's. Frank gets out of the front and opens the back door. Devaney and Stein help Rachel and Fletcher out of the car. They are all dressed in black. A few other mourners, including Emma, get out of the Mercedes. (X) (X) (X) (X) (X)

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED: 181

Rachel, red-eyed and weary, takes Fletcher under her arm and goes inside. She does not look at Frank.

182 INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY 182

A hand takes a pitcher of orange juice from the refrigerator and pours some into a large glass. They uncap a bottle of vodka and pour a huge portion into the orange juice.

183 INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT 183

It has grown very dark in the family room. Frank is sitting all alone, perfectly still, in one of the over-stuffed chairs, the vodka bottle on a table next to him. He stares off into space. A small voice comes out of the darkness.

FLETCHER
You okay, Frank?

Frank acknowledges Fletcher's small presence standing to the side of the big chair. He doesn't look at him directly.

FRANK
Yeah, Fletcher, I'm okay. How 'bout you?

FLETCHER
I couldn't sleep... It was so (X)
scary, just thinking about it... (X)

He looks at Frank.

FLETCHER
Do you feel scared, Frank? (X)

FRANK
Yeah, Fletcher, I do.

Frank puts his hand gently on Fletcher's head, but he does not look at him.

FRANK
Everybody's afraid of something, Fletcher. That's how we know we care about something, when we're afraid we'll lose it.

FLETCHER
What are you afraid of?

FRANK
I think you should try to go back to sleep now, pal.

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED: 183

FLETCHER
Tell me, Frank, please. Is it the man who killed Nicki? Are you afraid of him? (X) (X) (X)

Finally, Frank turns and looks at Fletcher. Frank is pretty far gone. He shakes his head "no". He realizes that that kind of fear had never occurred to him, and recognizing that fact sets him back into his thoughts.

FLETCHER
Then what? What are you afraid of?

Frank doesn't have the will to resist anymore. He lets his hand drop away from Fletcher.

FRANK
I'm afraid... of not being there...

Fletcher stares at him, uncomprehending.

FRANK
It's late. Do you want me to take you back to your room?

Fletcher shakes his head "no", just barely. Then he disappears.

184 OMITTED 184

185 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 185

Frank, silhouetted, moves toward the stairway to the main level. There is light up there.

186 INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT 186

Frank begins climbing the stairs. When he has gone a quarter of the way up, Rachel appears at the top and begins walking down. At first she doesn't see Frank; when she does she hesitates a moment, then continues down. They meet and try to sidestep each other, but twice they go in the same direction, unable to get around. Rachel, already emotionally ravaged, cracks. She begins slapping Frank hard about the face and torso. One of the first blows knocks the GLASS from his hand; it SMASHES loudly against the wall. He raises his arms in a half-hearted attempt to protect himself from the onslaught. She cries as she hits him.

RACHEL
(hysterical)
You, you, you... You brought this pain into my house... Now you're here! Where were you then?
(more)

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: 186

RACHEL (Cont'd)
Why didn't you save her? It was your job to protect me and she died doing it... It was me they were after. And you let them kill her!
(she gasps for air)
She never did anything to anyone.

As she loses the strength and the will to hit him, her blows become sloppy weak. She sinks to the steps, sitting on them, sobbing.

RACHEL
She never hurt anyone. She was good.
(she looks at him; entreats him)
You saw her. She never wished anyone any harm. Did she? Did she?

Frank looks at her, shakes his head "no." Rachel puts her head in her hands and is silent for a few moments; her crying slows.

RACHEL
(finally, quietly)
She never hurt a soul.
(long pause)
...I didn't love her well enough.
I didn't take care of her...
(a beat)
...She gave me only love.

She sits quietly on the steps in the gloom. Frank watches for a long moment, then softly continues on his way.

186A EXT. POOL AREA - MARRON ESTATE - DAY 186A

It's bright sunshine. Fletcher is splashing noisily in the pool with a few other kids. His nanny waits patiently at the side, towels at the ready. (X)

At one side of the pool, Rachel sits, lost in thought, mourning her sister. (X)

At the other side sits Frank, also thoughtful. He, too, is trying to adjust to the tragedy for which he bears some of the responsibility. (X)

The shouts and laughter of the kids continue. (X)

187 EXT. MARRON ESTATE - GROUNDS - NIGHT 187

The guardhouse at the main gate is brilliantly illuminated in the distance. The guard patrols at his station. Inside, the T.V. screens flicker and glow.

Perched on the top of a slight hill, Frank sits alone and motionless under a big tree. He gazes down at the gatehouse, his face lit softly by the glow from its lamps. All around him the rest of the estate is quiet and tranquil in the moonlight.

After a moment, another silhouetted figure slowly approaches and stands beside him. It's Rachel.

RACHEL
I guess you've heard what's happening. (X) (X) (X)

Frank nods. (X)

RACHEL
Mind if I sit down?

Frank shakes his head. They sit side by side for a while, both lost in thought. Rachel seems very calm.

RACHEL (O.S.)
It isn't over yet, is it?

Frank shakes his head.

FRANK (O.S.)
He knows he still hasn't got you.

RACHEL (O.S.)
So he'll come again?

FRANK (O.S.)
It's possible.

RACHEL (O.S.)
At the Oscars? (X)

FRANK (O.S.)
Maybe.

Rachel takes this philosophically. She tugs at the grass, thinking.

RACHEL
When I was back in Squirrel Hill, I started betting my friends fifty bucks each that someday I'd win an Oscar. You can understand how important it is that they see me up there if I win.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

She looks at him and smiles.

RACHEL
If everyone of those pikers comes through, it could add up to a lot of money.

FRANK
I think it's very dangerous.

RACHEL
I know. But I can't stay up here on my hill forever.

They are silent for awhile. Rachel lies back on the grass, stares at the sky.

RACHEL
I didn't get to this place in my life by doing the smart thing every time.
(as Frank nods)
How 'bout you, Frank Farmer? Out there on the edge... did you ever do something that didn't make too much sense, except maybe inside you? In your stomach somewhere? Something that wasn't smart?
(looks at him)
I'll bet you have plenty. I'll bet you do. Nobody gets really good without it. And you're good. I know that.

She sits up beside him.

RACHEL
I don't know why all this has happened to me...
(a beat)
... but I do know that none of it's your fault. I hope you can hear me, because this is how I say I'm sorry.

Frank accepts.

RACHEL
(relieved)
So... I'm going to go see if I win an Oscar. And I won't worry about it at all. Because I've got you to protect me.

Frank almost smiles.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED: (2) 187

FRANK
That's right.

He looks at her a long time, then takes her in his arms. He kisses her and lays her down. His body moves over hers. Like a bodyguard, protecting her from the night.

188 EXT. THE PANTAGES THEATRE - NIGHT 188

The chaos and razamatazz of Oscar night. Crowds, limos, cameras, searchlights...

189 INT. RACHEL'S LIMO - FRONT OF THE PANTAGES - NIGHT 189

The limo is waiting in a line of limos to reach the red-carpeted entrance to the The Pantages Theatre.

Frank and Tony sit in front with Henry. In the back a spectacularly-gowned Rachel sits flanked by Devaney and Stein, both of whom, like Frank, are wearing tuxedos. Up ahead, they can all see the hubbub at the entrance: TV cameras, lights, photographers, arriving guests, two bleachers full of fans. The glare from the arc lights is almost blinding. (X)

DEVANEY
We'll go straight back to the Green Room. Right, Frank?

Frank nods.

DEVANEY
Got that, Tony? (X)

FRANK
Tony knows what he's doing. (X)

Tony looks at Frank, surprised and not a little pleased with the unexpected support. (X)

RACHEL
I wish you boys would relax a little. Nothing bad's gonna happen out there, alright?
(the old Rachel)
Unless I lose the fucking award. (X)

She looks around at the men, all are tense.

RACHEL
Jesus, what a crew.

Rachel leans forward and flips down the mirror on the panel in front of her and checks her appearance. The limo moves up.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED: 189

RACHEL
Screw it. I'm through worrying. When your number's up, it's up. Right, Farmer?

The limo is almost at the red carpet. Frank slips out the front door of the moving limo.

190 EXT. LIMO - NIGHT 190

More quartz lights click on.

The TV cameras all focus on the door of the limo as Frank steps out of the way.

FRANK'S POV

as he surveys the busy scene. A microphoned M.C. peers into Rachel's limo and walks toward it.

M.C.
... Miss Rachel Marron!

ON TV CAMERA MONITOR we see Rachel wave to the crowd.

M.C.
Everyone wishes you the best tonight, Rachel.

Frank leads the small procession down the red carpet. Fans reach out asking for his autograph.

FRANK'S POV

as his glance darts around: high into the bleachers, ahead in the distance, to the door, to the side at photographers, nodding to the massed security men with their walkie-talkies.

Rachel's smile is convincing, lovely, professional. Stein, Devaney and Tony look strained. (X) (X)

As they enter, a WIDE SHOT from across the street shows their limo pulling ahead as the next car pulls up. The CAMERA TRACKS SIDEWAYS to reveal the rear fender of a Toyota 4X4 parked in the foreground.

191 INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT 191

It is large and has been fitted with a bar and buffet. Formally-dressed presenters and hosts mill about, laughing and talking. Many greet Rachel.

A TV monitor hangs from the ceiling in one corner. On it, the Academy awards continue. An elaborate dance number is just concluding. The audience applauds.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED: 191

Beside the monitor, a large clock with a ticking second hand.

A harried associate producer SKIP THOMAS, comes up to Rachel, settled in an armchair. Tony stands nearby, Frank leans against a far wall. (X) (X)

SKIP
Hello, Rachel. I need to get you straight on your responsibilities.

RACHEL
Sure, Skip.

Skip takes a typewritten sheet from a sheaf in his hand and gives it to Rachel. He consults a clipboard as he speaks. There, laid out minute by minute, is the order of the evening's events. Each one has a precise time printed beside it, including those that involve Rachel.

SKIP
Now, it's Best Sound, then another song, then you. At precisely (looks at his clipboard) -- 8:07 you'll be presenting with Clive Healy. Those are your lines. The prompter's straight ahead and -- we pray -- working perfectly.

Rachel nods.

RACHEL
Fine, You'll be a big shot someday, Skip.

Skip smiles and walks off, glancing up at the clock. 7:43. CLIVE HEALY, a slim British actor appears, bows and kisses Rachel's hand.

CLIVE
I understand it's my great honor to escort you onstage.

RACHEL
That's right, Clive. And I don't like it one bit that you look skinnier than me.

TV MONITOR - The show is progressing, flashing out across the world.

192 INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT 192

The celebrities in the Green Room drink, eat and talk. Rachel is deep in a giggling, girlish conversation with another actress. Skip Thomas approaches Rachel again.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED: 192

SKIP
Rachel. One more song, then you.

Rachel nods, goes back to her conversation. Frank steps up to Tony. (X) (X)

FRANK
I'm going to have a look around. I'll come back for her. Stay alert.

Tony nods, watches Frank go. (X)

193 INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - NIGHT 193

Frank moves down the hall from the Green Room toward the stage. Stagehands, technicians, performers speak in hushed tones. TV monitors are mounted throughout the area. On screen a distinguished-looking actor named REARDON is serving as temporary master of ceremonies.

Frank walks along, checking the route, looking up into the flies. He rounds a corner and is face to face with Portman.

FRANK
Portman. What are you doing here?

PORTMAN
I'm on the job.

FRANK
Who?

PORTMAN
Him.

Portman points at a nearby TV monitor. On screen, Reardon is introducing the next song.

REARDON (V.O.)
(on TV screen)
The final nominated song, from the film 'Queen Of The Night' -- 'I Have Nothing.' And here to sing it for us, the multi-talented Miss Sandra Castle!

PORTMAN (O.S.)
(during the above)
Short-term gig... but quite (X)
profitable... Listen, Frank, I'm (X)
sorry about Miami. You know, (X)
nothing really happened... I felt (X)
bad for you... I wanted to say (X)
something, but you disappeared... (X)

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED: 193

There's an awkward pause. On the TV screen, Miss Sandra Castle begins singing "I Have Nothing."

Reardon walks off the stage ten feet from where Frank and Portman are standing, glances at them and moves off down the hall.

PORTMAN
Back to work. I'll probably see you at the Governor's Ball.

Portman walks off after Reardon. Frank watches him, thoughtful.

ON TV MONITOR - Sandra Castle sings "I Have Nothing" with great feeling. The lyrics recall the text of the death threat.

FRANK'S FACE

suddenly wary. No rational cause. Something in the air.

THE CLOCK - 7:58

194 INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT 194

Rachel's face as she watches Sandra Castle on the monitor. She is at a makeup table. MUSIC IS LOUD.

The celebrities in the Green Room are impressed with Sandra's performance. There is spontaneous applause. Rachel turns to the room.

RACHEL
I want that broad run out of town.

The people in the room laugh with Rachel.

195 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT 195

Frank calls Tony on his SURV-KIT. (X)
(X)
FRANK (X)
Tony, you there? (X)
(X)
TONY (X)
(O.S.0 (X)
Yeah, Frank. (X)
(X)
FRANK (X)
Tony, I've got a feeling this is (X)
the night. I think he's gonna go (X)
for her in front of all the (X)
cameras. (X)
(more)

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED: 195 (X

FRANK (Cont'd)
The kind of thing only a lunatic would do. That's how he wants it to look. Except he isn't a lunatic. He's very clever. I need you to help me.

TONY
(O.S.)
I'm with you, Frank.

There's no more competition between them.

Three sound technicians appear at Frank's side, very agitated.

TECHNICIAN
(to Frank)
You can't use that think back here. The breakthrough's killing our radio mikes... We'll have to disconnect you.

Reluctantly, Frank disconnects his earpiece.

195A INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT 195A (X

Tony fiddles with his earpiece.

TONY
Frank?... Frank?

The Technicians approach Tony, too.

195B 195B

MONTAGE

THE MONITOR - Sandra Castle goes into a big finish.

THE CLOCK - 8:02

THE CLIPBOARD

"8:07 Best Song. Presenters Rachel Marron, Clive Healy..."

196 INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT 196

Frank walks in past Tony. Tony holds up the earpiece in frustration. Frank nods. He walks over to Rachel. He seems tense and she senses it. And like a tangible thing, his anxiety is passed over to her. She is frightened.

RACHEL
(spooked)
What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED: 196

Skip Thomas appears at her side.

SKIP
Rachel... Clive. Let's go, okay?

Clive Healy comes over. Rachel must tear her eyes away from (X)
Frank. Tony floats up behind them. Skip regards him with (X)
irritation and turns to Frank.

SKIP
(indicating Tony) (X)
Really. Must we have everyone? We
have our own men at the door.

FRANK
Tony stays. (X)

Skip looks at Rachel for a response.

RACHEL
Yes! I want him.

Skip shrugs. Clive takes Rachel's arm.

CLIVE
Come, Rachel, let us brighten the
firmament.

Rachel forces a smile, but her eyes follow Frank as he starts to lead the way out of the Green Room. On an impulse, she reaches for something from the makeup table and presses it into her hand. It's the Russian Orthodox cross. She clutches it like a talisman and follows Frank. Tony brings up the (X)
rear.

197 INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - NIGHT 197

The group moves down the hall from the Green Room, past the stage right wings. Behind the scenery to the back of the stage.

FRANK'S POV - STAGEHANDS

in blue, celebrity guests, technicians. His eyes examine each curtain, corner and recess. He looks above him.

CLOSEUP ON RACHEL'S FACE as she looks around nervously.

HER BODY

is tense on Clive's arm. Clive pats her arm soothingly.

CLIVE
Try to relax, Rachel. I know you
must be very excited.

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED: 197

Skip leads them to a set of temporary stairs behind the scenery; they lead to the center of the top tier. Production aides with clipboards and headphones wait up there.

THE CLOCK - 8:05

SKIP
(pointing)
Rachel, you'll go in there and Clive, you over there. You'll meet on the landing.

They both nod, but Rachel is distracted, tense.

SKIP
Watch your step going down. (X)
Someone spilled some water. (X)

Clive and Rachel climb the stairs. Rachel turns once more to look anxiously at Frank. She clutches the cross but he doesn't see.

Frank watches them ascend. He signals Tony to stay there until Rachel goes on. Frank moves off toward the stage left wings. (X)

ON TV MONITOR - we see Reardon, acting as Master of Ceremonies, doing the introductions.

REARDON (V.O.)
(on screen)
And to present the Best Song award we have our debonair friend from England and the lady who has everything -- Clive Healy and Rachel Marron!

A red camera light clicks on.

MUSIC UP, APPLAUSE, as we see Clive and Rachel make their entrances on the TV monitor.

198 INT. STAGE LEFT - NIGHT 198

Frank swiftly adjust his position so he can still see the stage. As he does, he glances under the scaffolding that supports the set. (X) (X) (X)

199 INT. ON STAGE - NIGHT 199

Rachel and Clive reach the podium. Clive is all smiles. Rachel is trying, but is obviously distracted.

(CONTINUED)

199 CONTINUED: 199

FROM BEHIND THEM

As the applause dies away, we see what they see: TV cameras, an orchestra in the pit, the huge audience, and the bright glare of the lights. At the front of the podium is the transparent plastic of the teleprompter; their lines can be clearly seen, printed out and moving vertically.

CLIVE
(reading from the prompter)
Well, Rachel, I know that you only came tonight to present this award and you'll want to leave as soon as we're done.

Rachel's lines appear on the prompter, but she does not start reading them immediately. They stop moving on the screen. Rachel's face, her eyes darting about. There is an awful silence.

CLOSE ON HER HANDS as they fumble nervously with the cross, trying to draw strength from it.

ON TV MONITOR - RACHEL

She focuses on the prompter, forces a smile.

RACHEL
(reading)
No, Clive. I'm very interested in one of the awards that's coming up tonight... Best Actor.

This brings an appreciative laugh.

Rachel's face. It is all coming down on her, all the pressure, all the months of being a target.

RACHEL'S POV - BRIGHT RED LIGHT

on the nearest TV camera. The teleprompter, now showing Clive's lines. The lights. A man in the first row of the audience.

CLOSE ON HER HANDS as they squeeze the cross.

CLIVE (O.S.)
Over the course of the evening we've heard five smashing songs and the names of the artists who created them.

200 INT. STAGE LEFT - NIGHT 200

Frank, watching Rachel, hears the barely audible CLICKING start from the tiny receiver in his belt. He's puzzled. His eyes dart to Rachel's hand and he sees the cross. He know what she's going through. Her hand is shaking badly.

201 INT. ON STAGE - NIGHT 201

She sways. Clive supports her as discreetly as he can, smiling out at the audience.

FROM BEHIND Clive and Rachel, we watch as Clive picks up Rachel's lines from the prompter, AD LIBBING to make them fit.

CLIVE
And I know that no matter what anyone thinks, you have no personal favorites.

Thin laughter. The audience is starting to sense that something is wrong with Rachel.

QUICK CUT TO:

RACHEL'S POV

An usher near the wall shifts his weight. The orchestra conductor turns to look at her. A musician turns his sheet music. The dark at the back of the balcony. The teleprompter.

CLOSE ON FRANK

as he alone hears the CLICKING -- monitors her distress and fear.

ON STAGE

RACHEL
(blurting her teleprompter lines)
All right, Clive, let's find out --

The teleprompter operator has been thrown off and now takes a moment to get it moving again.

RACHEL
(reading)
--- let's find out who the winner is.

CLIVE
The envelope. Rachel, shall I do the honors?

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED: 201

INTERCUT --

RACHEL'S POV - CLIVE'S HANDS

work at the envelope, tearing, freeing the flap. His fingers work to pull out the contents.

RACHEL'S FACE

watching. The CLICKING is almost deafening -- like a heartbeat.

THE CLOCK

The second hand ticks in enormous CLOSEUP. It's 8:07.

202 INSERT - (BLEACHED OUT) ENORMOUS CLOSEUP - MAN'S FINGER 202

on a trigger.

203 INSERT - (BLEACHED OUT) ENORMOUS CLOSEUP - A BULLET 203

drifts lazily towards us out of the muzzle of a gun in ultra SLOW MOTION.

204 INSERT - (BLEACHED OUT) - HANDS 204

bring out one of the pasted-up death threats with the familiar opening lines -- 'MARRON BITCH -- YOU HAVE EVERYTHING. I HAVE NOTHING.'

CLOSE

as Clive pulls the card out of the envelope. It reads:

"I HAVE NOTHING"
Music by

Rachel gasps, stifles a scream.

CLIVE
The winnner is "I Have Nothing"!

Rachel loses control, backs away from the podium and runs off stage right. The audience applauds the winner.

205 INT. OFF STAGE LEFT - NIGHT 205

Frank sees Rachel run off the opposite side of the stage and heads over there, around the back of the scenery.

206 INT. ON STAGE - NIGHT 206

Clive, the professional, stands holding the envelope. He glances off after Rachel, mystified. (X) (X)

207 INT. STAGE RIGHT WINGS - NIGHT 207

A cluster of people surround Rachel, comforting her. Frank comes up. He does not try to force his way through to Rachel, People begin to move away, the cluster thins. Two stars move off toward the back of the stage.

STAR #1
I always said she was nuts. I've always said that.

Clive Healy comes up.

CLIVE
Is she all right?

He is assured that she is. Clive goes out to his seat in the audience. As people move off, Rachel becomes clearly visible to Frank. Tony is standing next to her, but another man has his arm around Rachel, comforting her. (X)

Rachel's face is tear-stained and she dabs at it with a handkerchief. She is recovering fast. Past her fear, she is now very embarassed. Her voice is strong.

RACHEL
Christ, what an idiot I am. Jesus. What the hell's the matter with me?

Frank moves up closer, and exchanges looks with Tony, who is confused by Rachel's behavior. Rachel turns toward Frank and, in so doing, brings the man comforting her around to face Frank. It is Reardon. (X)

RACHEL
Farmer, you've made me a raving lunatic.

Frank barely hears Rachel, so struck is he by Reardon's presence. Frank looks around them quickly for Portman. Rachel looks at Frank with irritation and turns back toward the Green Room. A production aide signals Reardon.

REARDON
(to Rachel)
I have to go back out. Are you okay?

RACHEL
Thank you for your help, John. I'm fine.

Rachel walks off toward the Green Room with Tony. Reardon starts to walk out toward the stage. Frank stops him. Reardon is irritated. (X)

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED: 207

FRANK
Where's Portman?

REARDON
Who?

FRANK
Portman.

REARDON
(breaking away)
Never heard of him.

Reardon walks out on stage. Frank is left standing alone. All the wariness comes back, all his senses start to hum. Frank looks around, then moves off toward the Green Room.

208 INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT 208

Rachel sits at a makeup table. Skip Thomas approaches, clipboard in hand.

SKIP
Rachel, I'm sorry, but if you're going to be in your seat for the Best Actress award, you've got to do it now.

RACHEL
Skip, I'm moving as fast as I can. For chrissake, go twitch somewhere else.

Skip backs off. Stein and Frank join the group.

STEIN
Honey, everything's fine. No one noticed anything. Everybody in this building is ready to jump out of their skin from nerves.

RACHEL
Bullshit, you saw me. Farmer's made me a raving lunatic --

FRANK
Something's going on you should (X)
know about-- (X)

STEIN
You're making her crazy. You're making us all crazy.

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED: 208

FRANK
Rachel, I know who it is. He's here tonight. I think he's...

RACHEL
Shut up...

This is the last straw. She throws down the powder and stands up fast, makeup and purse flying. The powder compact bursts over the cross lying on the table. Everyone in the Green Room looks at her.

RACHEL
(hissing at him)
Shut up, you maniac! You never stop. Now you've made an ass of me in front of a billion people. And you won't quit.

They stare at each other and everyone else stares at them. (X)
Rachel walks swiftly out the door of the Green Room. Frank (X)
sits for a moment, then stands up. The bodyguard follows his (X)
charge to the door. He shispers hurriedly at Tony as they (X)
leave. (X)
(X)

FRANK (X)
Tony, it's Portman. Remember? The (X)
guy from Miami... (X)
(X)

Stein grabs at Tony's sleeve, pulling him back. (X)
(X)

STEIN (X)
After tonight, you're back in (X)
charge. (X)

TONY (X)
What?

STEIN
He knows nothing about show business.

Tony squares off with Stein. (X)

TONY (X)
You're an asshole.

209 INT. ONSTAGE - NIGHT 209

Reardon is just introducing TOM WINSTON, the actor who will announce the Best Actress Award.

210 INT. MAIN AUDITORIUM - AISLE 210

Frank watches, his eyes scanning, searching the vast theatre, squinting as he tries to see beyond the glare of the klieg lights and the cameras.

WINSTON
Thank you John, It is a great privilege for me to present this award --

WINSTON

on stage, speaking and then listing the nominees.

FRANK'S POV - RACHEL, DEVANEY AND STEIN

in their seats, up the aisle toward the back of the theatre, high into the gloom of the balcony.

ANGLE ON STAGE

WINSTON
Tonight we give this award not to the best actress, but to the best performance by one of five exquisitely talented artists...

FRANK'S FACE - searching.

TV CAMERA - focused on the audience. Its red light goes on.

ON SCREEN

Rachel's face, expectant, nervous on the screen.

FRANK'S POV - THE PATH

Rachel would have to take to the stage, the steps to the (X)
stage, the faces of the ushers near the stage, the conductor, (X)
ready to play theme music. (X)

WINSTON (O.S.)
...And the nominess are --
Constance Simpson for Hot and Cold...

BACK TO SCENE

APPLAUSE. Frank slips through the curtained doorway that leads to the backstage.

WINSTON (O.S.)
...Ellen Pearson for Maybe Soon...

More APPLAUSE.

211 INT. BACKSTAGE - STAGE RIGHT WINGS - NIGHT 211

Frank comes up swiftly. He stops behind a curtain, six feet (X)
from the path the winner will take. Tony is there. Frank (X)
speaks to him and, as he does, he puts a hand on Tony's arm. (X)
They both look across the stage, past Winston into the wings
on the other side.

FRANK'S POV

In the wings of the opposite side of the stage, half hidden by a curtain, a TV cameraman is hoisting his lightweight portable camera on his shoulder. His back is to us.

WINSTON (O.S.)
...Rachel Marron for Queen Of The Night...

APPLAUSE.

ANGLE ON FRANK

FRANK
Tony, I want you on the other (X)
side... and check out that guy. (X)
He's not supposed to be there... (X)
(X)

Tony trots off quickly. (X)

FRANK'S POV

The cameraman half-turns toward us, peering past the curtain into the audience. For a split second, we glimpse his face. It's Portman. Then someone crosses quickly in front of him and he's gone.

WINSTON (O.S.)
...and Evelyn Gardner for The Harper Plan...

APPLAUSE.

BACKSTAGE

Frank draws his gun. He glances quickly to Tony, but Tony's (X)
already on his way, trotting round the labyrinth behind the (X)
set. Frank automatically raises his sleeve to call to Tony, (X)
then realizes his communications are useless. He tries to see (X)
where Portman has disappeared to but he daren't lose sight of (X)
Rachel. (X)

ONSTAGE - WINSTON

with envelope.

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED: Oscar goes to 211

WINSTON
And the ~~winner is~~...Rachel Marron
for Queen Of The Night.

FLASH CUT TO:

FRANK'S FACE

grim. He looks past the curtain to Rachel.

FRANK'S POV - AUDITORIUM

Deafening applause in the main auditorium. A stunned Rachel (X)
stands. Devaney and Stein kiss her. People nearby reach out to (X)
touch her. Rachel walks along her row. The orchestra plays "I (X)
Have Nothing." (X)

212 INT. BACKSTAGE - OPPOSITE WINGS - NIGHT 212

A mass of drapes and flats. Behind them, the cameraman is
fixing something to the side of his camera. His back is to us. (X)
Tony comes up briskly behind him, unable to see his face. (X)

TONY (X)
Hey! You! What the fuck you think
you're doin' back here...

With amazing speed, the cameraman - Portman - wheels around,
simultaneously jabbing two outstretched fingers from his free (X)
hand straight into Tony's eyes. Tony cries out, his hands (X)
flying to his face.

Portman's hand moves swiftly again, jabbing to a nerve behind (X)
Tony's ear, Tony drops like a sack. (X)

Glancing rapidly around, Portman sees all other eyes on the (X)
auditorium. He pulls the curtain around Tony's body - (X)
obscuring it.

He then removes his own "SECURITY" ID and fixes a laminated (X)
"NETWORK" ID to his lapel. (X)

213 INT. BACKSTAGE - STAGE RIGHT WINGS - NIGHT 213

Frank gestures animatedly to the head of security and several (X)
guards. The music and the applause drown out his words and we (X)
do not hear them. The guards rush off backstage and into the (X)
auditorium. (X)

214 INT. MAIN AUDITORIUM - NIGHT 214

Rachel walks along her row. Hands reach out to her. Some
people stand in their seats around her. A crane-mounted TV
camera swoops down between Frank and his view of Rachel,
obscuring her for a brief moment.

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED: 214

CLOSE ON FRANK'S FACE

Desperately scanning, seeking. Suddenly his face freezes.

FRANK'S POV

As Rachel reaches the center aisle and starts to walk toward the steps, there in the far aisle, his face almost hidden is Portman -- the camera, hand-held on his shoulder, moving level with Rachel, 20 feet behind her.

Frank raises his gun.

AISLE

Rachel walks down the aisle toward the side steps. Tears in her eyes. Thunderous applause. Security guards in the side aisles look around in all directions. They can't see anything. (X) (X) (X) (X)

FRANK'S POV

TIGHT ON Portman, now almost completely obscured behind the members of the audience, as more and more of them stand to applaud Rachel.

PORTMAN'S POV (X) (X)

ALONG THE SIDE OF THE CAMERA. Rachel keeps appearing and disappearing behind the heads of the audience. (X) (X)

FRANK IN THE WINGS

Desperate to get a clear shot at Portman but unable to fire without hitting a bystander.

FROM STAGE RIGHT WINGS - FRANK'S POV OF RACHEL

as she approaches the podium, steadily, controlling herself as she mounts the steps. The outline of her body becomes difficult to see against the glare of the footlights and the lights at the side of the auditorium.

FRANK'S FACE

His eyes squint against the dazzle.

ON STAGE - PODIUM

Rachel approaches Winston. The applause and music is deafening.

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED: (2) 214

FRANK'S FACE

He can't see Portman past the glare. He can't fire into the audience. He knows Rachel is now at her most vulnerable. There is only one thing he can do to protect his charge.

BACKSTAGE WINGS

Frank runs on stage at terrific speed and leaps through the air at Rachel, twisting his body as he does.

ON STAGE - PODIUM

Rachel turns her head, sees Frank leaping at her and gasps out with a mixture of fury and terror.

RACHEL
No!

CLOSE ON PORTMAN

The silenced PISTOL taped to the side of the camera FIRES. (X)
ONCE. TWICE. (X)

ON STAGE

Frank and Rachel tumble over on the floor. The podium topples. There are screams from the audience.

AUDITORIUM

Pandemonium breaks out. Men run on stage from all directions. Guns are drawn. Everyone is shouting. TV cameras whip-pan in all directions, security men shout into walkie-talkies.

QUICK CUT TO:

215 INT. MOBILE TV CONTROL VAN - NIGHT 215

Chaos on all screens.

TV DIRECTOR
What the fuck?

OTHER VOICE (O.S.)
Go to commercial...

216 INT. MAIN AUDITORIUM - NIGHT 216

CLOSE ON PORTMAN

Totally calm and, as he gambled, invisible in the commotion. Camera still on his shoulder, he slowly backs away from the scene. Ushers and uniformed security men rush past him towards the stage. People leap from their seats.

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED: 216

A woman screams piercingly behind him. Portman doesn't blink.

217 INT. STAGE - NIGHT 217

Dozens more helpers pour onto stage around Frank and Rachel. Rachel starts to rise on all fours and sees as hands reach out to help her, the blood on Frank's shirt.

He has taken the hits for her. But he's still on the job, gaze alert. Without taking his eyes from the auditorium, his left arm stretches out, with some pain, to push Rachel back down. The right arm, gun in hand, sweeps the auditorium. Where is Portman? Frank can't see past the mob.

Ushers fall on Frank in a heap, trying to disarm him. (X)
Security men try to pull them off. Rachel shouts, trying to (X)
make herself heard above the noise. (X)
(X)
RACHEL (X)
He's my bodyguard. Get off him! (X)
He's O.K.... (X)

FRANK'S POV - SERIES OF SHOTS

A SERIES of SWIFT LOW ANGLE SHOTS through legs and faces. One brief glimpse that could be Portman. A cameraman turns. It's not. Frank is desperate, pushing away a helping arm. The chaos mounts. SIRENS WAIL outside.

218 INT. MAIN AUDITORIUM - NIGHT 218

CLOSE ON PORTMAN

He turns away from the stage as four cops pound past him. He walks away. Suddenly, for one brief second, his face loses its composure as he looks to the side door.

PORTMAN'S POV

Hysterical audience members jostle for the exit, screaming and shouting. It's like a football scrum. Cops and security men pushing and pulling. His escape route is blocked.

CLOSE ON FRANK'S FACE - HIS EYES

Briefly glimpsed through blurred, frenzied, f.g. Still seeking his target, biting his lip in pain.

PORTMAN

Cool again, he turns back to the stage, seeking an alternative escape route, camera still providing cover.

219 INT. ON STAGE - WINGS - NIGHT 219

A lumbering figure, blood streaming from one eye, his .38 drawn and outstretched. It's Tony, staggering to the edge of (X) the stage, straight towards his attacker.

TONY (X)
(bellowing)
Frank! Frank! Over here!

ON STAGE

Frank and Rachel's heads swivel in unison at the sound, looking towards the far aisle.

PORTMAN

Against the side wall at the front, Portman's eyes desperately (X) scan for the source of the voice. He sees Tony, his pistol (X) takes aim.

FRANK'S POV

For a split second, two running figures f.g. pass and cross leaving a momentary clear line to Portman.

ON STAGE

Frank FIRES. ONCE. TWICE.

PORTMAN

Frank's bullets hit home. The first slams Portman in the chest, knocking him against the wall. The second hits the CAMERA on his shoulder, exploding it around his face.

FEMALE ACADEMY MEMBER

Blood spatters her white Armani dress and the shirtfront of her escort. Portman's body slumps forward in her lap, pinning her back in her seat. He's dead. His pistol drops onto a pair of shiny, black leather pumps.

ON STAGE

Frank holds his aim steady, reluctant to look away. He half turns to Rachel, wincing with the effort. She's unhurt. He has fulfilled his promise to her.

Rachel throws her arms around Frank and hugs him, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Frank Farmer's face. Sad and weary. His guard is finally down. Nothing more can happen. He slowly lowers the gun, closes his eyes and lets his head fall onto his chest.

(CONTINUED)

219 CONTINUED: 219

ANGLE ON STEIN

In the midst of the commotion of medics, security men, police and ushers, Stein bends down and gently retrieves the gold envelope and the card bearing Rachel's name. There are spatters of blood on it. He tries to wipe them off with the silk handkerchief from his breast pocket.

220 EXT. THE PANTAGES THEATRE - NIGHT 220

A chaos of press and public, ambulance and police lights flashing, SIRENS WAILING.

ANGLE ON PART OF CROWD

Police and paramedics surrounding a man on a stretcher - it is (X)
Frank - Rachel walks at his side, clutching his hand as he is (X)
rushed to an ambulance. Tony, a dressing over his eyes, is (X)
also helped out by paramedics. Among the gathered crowd, we (X)
focus in on one face. It is Dan, pushed back to the sidelines (X)
and unable to see what is happening. He slowly turns and walks (X)
away. CAMERA CRANES to a HIGH WIDE SHOT of the scene. (X)

221 EXT. AIRPLANE TARMAC - DAY 221

A buffed-out charter turboprop stands on the tarmac as the last pieces of equipment of Rachel's band are loaded aboard from a truck. A limousine pulls up and Rachel gets out with (X)
Tony and Court, who is clearly acting as her bodyguard. (X)

She greets some members of the band and others who will be part of her entourage. A roadie has her luggage removed from the limo and loaded aboard the plane. Devaney is trying to hurry her on board. Stein is conspicuous by his absence.

As Rachel and the others prepare to get onto the place, Tony, (X)
wearing a dark leather eyepatch, reacts to something O.S.

Frank approaches from the nearby parking area. He is pale. Under his clothes it can be seen that his torso is still taped. He smiles at Tony. Their handshake becomes a quick (X)
abrazo.

FRANK
(indicating eyepatch)
How's it going?

TONY (X)
Under control. But it won't be the same... ya mutt.

Tony fakes a glancing blow to Frank's chin. Over by the plane, (X)
Fletcher spots Frank and tugs at Rachel's dress, till she turns to look. Fletcher runs up to Frank and hugs him around the kneees.

(CONTINUED)

221 CONTINUED: 221

Rachel approaches and Tony moves back toward the plane. (X)

Devaney waves in Frank's direction, tapping his watch to indicate they are late. Frank waves and smiles.

Rachel's surprised to see Frank, but clearly happy. Fletcher is ecstatic.

RACHEL
You shouldn't be here.

Frank laughs. There is a pause.

RACHEL
So you're quitting show business?

FRANK
Yeah.

RACHEL
Too bad. You had talent. What are you going to do?

FRANK
Thought I might hole up with my dad.
(pats bandaged torso)
Finish that chess game.

Rachel nods approvingly.

RACHEL
Get him when Fletcher's not around.

FRANK
(ruffling Fletcher's hair)
That's the idea.

Fletcher grins. Rachel starts to cry.

FRANK
So how's the new guy?

RACHEL
He's got white hair Frank.

FRANK
He's very good.

RACHEL
Why'd you have to get me an old man?

(CONTINUED)

221 CONTINUED: (2) 221

FRANK
I don't trust you.

RACHEL
Yeah... well, give me a kiss and let's get this over with.

Frank gives her an awkward hug. They kiss.

FRANK
Bye Rachel.

Rachel turns quickly. She almost runs up the boarding ladder. Frank remains watching her. Fletcher looks back over his shoulder as they disappear into the plane.

222 INT. PLANE - DAY 222

Rachel takes a seat beside Fletcher. Devaney leans over the aisle. (X) (X)

DEVANEY
That wasn't so bad.
(he sees her tears)
You okay?

Rachel is in her own world. Devaney passes the word to get moving. The ENGINES WARM UP. Rachel turns and sees Frank still standing there looking at her.

223 INT. COCKPIT - DAY 223

The pilot's hand pushes forward on the throttle.

224 EXT. PLANE - DAY 224

The nosewheel starts to taxi. The plane moves forward.

225 INT. PLANE - DAY 225

Rachel's face at the window.

RACHEL
Wait...

226 EXT. TARMAC - DAY 226

The steps start to fold down out of the plane, but not fast enough for Rachel. She jumps the last six feet, staggering slightly as the plane's jet wash hits her, whipping her clothes and hair. Without pausing, she runs to Frank who takes her in his arms. They embrace and kiss. They kiss again and again. Finally, slowly, Rachel draws back, her eyes are filled with tears.

(CONTINUED)

226 CONTINUED: 226

RACHEL
Remember when you said you'd risk your life for me?

Frank tries to break in, but she won't let him interrupt.

RACHEL
I didn't believe it then. Nobody means what they say. But you did, Frank. You did it. You laid it all on the line for me.

Frank tries to speak, she puts her hands to his lips.

RACHEL
Don't wreck this for me. I don't want to hear any bullshit about you just doing your job. You did more than save my life, Frank. You showed me a way to be. And I love you for it.
(a beat)
There, I said it.
(looks at him)
I'll never forget what it felt like to be under your eye. Never.

FRANK
(smiles)
I won't be forgetting you either.

She presses something into Frank's hand.

RACHEL
Here... I want you to keep this. If you ever need me, you just put this on and no matter where you are I will find you. I promise.

She gives him a quick kiss and walks back toward the plane, her eyes holding Frank's. Frank opens his palm to reveal the little enamel cross.

ON FRANK

as the engines roar to life and the plane turns to taxi out.

The ROAR of the plane becomes APPLAUSE.

227 EXT. CONCERT - NIGHT 227

Rachel's face in FULL FRAME, bathed in light and the applause of a huge audience.

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED: 227

RACHEL
Thank you... Thank you... Now I want to sing you an old song, but it's a new favorite.

As the, music begins, Rachel stands alone in front of the band, mike in hand.

RACHEL
You know, This song used to make me feel sad... But it doesn't anymore.

Rachel pauses. The audience is still.

RACHEL
Now it just reminds me of someone very special... This is for him.

Rachel begins to sing the song 'WHAT BECOMES OF THE BROKEN HEARTED' - slow and sweet.

It's the song she and Frank danced to. As a VERSE TRAILS OFF --

CUT TO:

228 INT. CLERMONT HOTEL (IOWA CITY) - NIGHT 228

It is a Rotary Dinner.

The CAMERA TRACKS ALONG the front of the head table which runs from one side of the room to the other. (X) (X)

ROTARY PRESIDENT
Our speaker this evening, the honorable congressman from the fifth district, Galen Windsor, has been a lone, courageous, voice...he alone challenged those who have linked organized crime with legitimate business throughout our state.

STILL TRACKING, we see the Rotary President as he nods to a distinguished-looking gentleman one seat to his right. On the wall a sign identifying the hotel and a club banner which reads -- 'THE ROTARY CLUB OF IOWA CITY.' The CAMERA CONTINUES to TRACK and the Rotary President goes OUT OF FRAME.

ROTARY PRESIDENT
But first our benediction will be delivered by Reverend Phillip Hardy of the First Presbyterian Church.

STILL TRACKING we see the Reverend get up as the men around him bow their heads.

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED: 228

REVEREND HARDY
Heavenly Father, please bless us today as we meet in friendship and duty.

STILL TRACKING as we REACH the end of the table.

REVEREND HARDY
And Lord, whatever dangerous endeavors those among us may take, let them never be without your sanctuary.

The CAMERA STOPS. Standing against the wall behind the table is Frank. As the Reverend's prayer goes on, all heads are bowed to receive the benediction. All heads but Frank's. The CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHT ON his face.

REVEREND HARDY
...For we all know in our hearts that even though we may walk through the valley of the shadow of death, you are with us... guiding and protecting us. Amen.

The Reverend's final words segue into Rachel's song. Frank's searching gaze around the room is arrested for a moment as though reacting to Rachel's voice.

CUT TO:

229 INT. CONCERT - NIGHT 229

Rachel ends a phrase. She dabs at the corner of her eye as she continues the song that still binds them together.

CUT TO:

230 INT. ROTARY CLUB DINNER - NIGHT 230

VERY CLOSE ON FRANK

His expression, so intense in the opening scene of the film is softer now. Rachel's voice continues as Frank carefully scans the room.

FADE OUT.

THE END